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## CEMENTED.

Ay, wet the shattered edges daintily,  
Place them together in the ancient shape,  
Match hue and fair design with careful eye,  
And let no fragment from your search escape;  
So, place the cup where no keen sunlights  
glance.

Pshaw, does such injured beauty pay your  
pain?  
'Twill hold a mimic waxen bud, perchance,  
But never water for a rose again.

Unsay the angry words; the charge recall;  
Deny or plead away doubt, slight, or sneer;  
Before the outraged shrine for pardon fall,  
Win back the smile with the forgiving tear;  
The happy "safety of affection" lost,  
Trust and its frank free gladness fled to-  
gether,  
What boots to feign the faith, to count the  
cost?

The wounded love will bear the scar forever.

Ah, keep the precious porcelain in its niche,  
Guard close the fragile darlings of the heart,  
O ye, in life's pure treasures proud and rich;  
The fruit and its first bloom are light to part;  
Dread one rough touch; no time again can  
give,  
Once gone, or perfect form or fearless faith;  
In prayer and patience mourn it while ye live,  
And hope to win it back in heaven through  
death.

All the Year Round.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,  
Nor do not use set colors for to wear,  
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,  
Nor give each speech the full point of a groan,  
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan  
Of them who in their lips love's standard  
bear,—  
"What he!" say they of me; "now I dare  
swear

He cannot love. No, no, let him alone,"  
And think so still, if Stella know my mind!  
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;  
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall  
find

That this right badge is but worn in the heart:  
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers  
prove:

They love indeed who quake to say they love.  
PHILIP SIDNEY.

## A LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

WEEP, Mother Nature, weep;  
Summer is dead.

See! there she lies in her shroud of flowers,  
Drooping her sun-crowned head;  
While the Past Hours  
Kneel, all weeping round her flowery bed.

Blow gently, Autumn Winds;  
Sigh soft and low;  
Summer only knew Zephyr's balmy breath;  
But she that loved him so  
Now lies in death.  
Sing ye her dirge—but sing it soft and low.

Mourn, O ye Dryads! mourn!  
Your woods are bare.  
The gracious summer with her sunny light  
No more will linger there.  
Her spirit bright  
Has spread her wings, and vanished into air.

Soft fall, ye autumn rains  
Summer has fled;  
Fall gently on her fair and fragrant face,  
As tears from heaven shed.  
Lost is her grace;  
Then weeping, fall on the beloved dead.  
Chambers' Journal. E. M. B.

## EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his window seen  
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited;  
I met a preacher there I knew, and said:  
"Ill and o'er-worked, how fare you in this  
scene?"

"Bravely!" said he, "for I of late have been  
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the  
living bread.*"

O human soul! so long as thou canst so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,  
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,  
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the  
night!

Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed  
thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MOST glorious Lord of Life! that on this day  
Did'st make thy triumph over death and sin,  
And having harrowed hell did'st bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us to win:  
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,  
Being with thy dear blood washed clean from  
sin

May live forever in felicity!  
And that thy love we weighing worthily  
May likewise love thee for the same again;  
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,  
With love may one another entertain.  
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought:  
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.  
SPENSER.

From The Edinburgh Review.

## BRIGHT'S EDITION OF PEPYS'S DIARY.\*

FOR nearly sixty years the diary of Samuel Pepys has been a household word in English literature; it may, therefore, seem almost paradoxical to say that we now read it for the first time. And yet this is the simple truth, for we have now, what we have never had before, the correct and complete text: correct, for the old and long-received version was full of strange blunders of carelessness or misapprehension; complete, for the former editor, doubting in the first instance as to the value the public might set upon his labors, printed but a scanty abridgment, and even in the second suppressed a large proportion of matter, which he described as "devoid of the slightest interest." We have now an opportunity of criticising his judgment in this respect; for of the present edition no less than one-fourth of the bulk is published for the first time, and is, we conceive, not a whit inferior to the rest, as illustrating the history or domestic life of the period, and the vanities, peccadilloes, or humors of the journalist.

If Mr. Mynors Bright had done nothing more than induce us to read once again the "Diary," even as we have long known it, we should still owe him a debt of gratitude. But he has, in fact, done very much more than this: he has given us the "Diary" as it was written, with the omission of but a few passages described, in the interests of decency, as "unfit for publication," and others, "the account of his daily work at the office," which "would have been tedious to the reader." With respect to the first class of suppressed passages, the editor has doubtless exercised a wise discretion; but we do not feel quite so sure as to the second. "It is impossible," he tells us, "for any one who has not read the

*entire* diary fully to appreciate Pepys's industry and diligence," and it is difficult to avoid the thought that the opportunity of so appreciating these, his good qualities, might have been offered to us. The excised passages would not, we imagine, have added sensibly to the bulk of a work in six stout octavo volumes, and might as easily as others have been skipped by those readers to whom they threatened to prove "tedious." With these exceptions, the extent of which is fairly stated, the present edition is, we understand, a complete and careful transcript of the original. It is well and carefully printed on good paper, and is, altogether, a valuable contribution to every English library.

From this commendation we must, however, bar the illustrations, which are terrible. It is difficult to conceive why editor and publisher should have agreed to disfigure an otherwise handsome set of books by the hideous monstrosities described on the title-page as "portraits printed in permanent Woodbury-type." So much the worse if the announcement is strictly true. They are bad enough now; if permanent, they are bad to all future ages. Those of the court "beauties" are the worst; and if the ghosts of the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Castlemaine, and "pretty witty Nell" do not have their revenge, there is no law of libel on the other side of the Styx. The fact is that the photographer, in the pride of his special art, has paid more attention to the exact reproduction of details than to the general effect, and has focussed the pictures to be copied with such exactness that the light and shade from the lines of the canvas or the irregularities of the paper are even more distinctly shown than the work of the painter or engraver. The result, however admirable from the photographer's point of view, is detestable from that of the artist or the public.

There is still one other exception which, although unwillingly, we feel in duty bound to take to this new and really valuable edition, and that is the way in which it has been annotated. A difficulty about the copyright in Lord Braybrooke's

\* *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S.*, from his MS. cypher in the Pepysian Library, with a Life and Notes, by RICHARD, Lord BRAYBROOKE. Deciphered, with additional notes, by Rev. MYNORS BRIGHT, M.A., President and Senior Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. With numerous Portraits from the collection in the Pepysian Library, printed in permanent Woodbury-type. 6 vols. 8vo. London: 1875-79.

notes was not overcome till the third volume was passing through the press. The earlier volumes were thus, for the most part, left to the editor's solicitude, which proved unequal to the task; and the new notes are generally needless, frequently incorrect, and occasionally even silly. We may leave our readers to decide to which of these categories they would allot such notes as—"Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort;" "Wassel or wassail, from two Saxon words meaning 'water of health';" "Query, whether from Scull, the waterman, is derived our word 'sculls,' well known to boating men?" But we really must enter a protest against such as this: "We read in the diary, May, 1668: 'Walked to Magdalene College, and there into the butters, as a stranger, and there drank my bellyfull of their beer, which pleased me as the best I ever drank.' I should be glad, if I could, to have a gossip with him, and hear"—what? The raciest scandal of the pleasure-loving court? some of Sir John Minnes' stories of the old navy? or where he had hidden the MS. of Evelyn's "History of the Dutch War"? No, only—"his opinion of the beer now." Can the proverbial bathos of the commentator sink lower? In the later volumes, when an arrangement had been made to reproduce Lord Braybrooke's notes, they are printed as they were written five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, without the corrections which occasional slips or the lapse of time rendered necessary. Such, for instance, as to Evelyn's mention of the Earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral (vi. 170), the note "Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham," a man who never was lord high admiral; the reference being clearly to the illustrious Howard of Effingham, of whom indeed a most ghastly portrait is given: or again (i. 157), where we are told that the site of the old navy office in Crutchedfriars is now "occupied by the East India Company's warehouses," and by implication that the business of the navy is carried on at Somerset House. We should have thought no Englishman could be ignorant of the demise of the East India Company in 1858,

even if he did not know that the civil business of the navy was removed in 1869 from Somerset House to a cluster of typhoidal dens in Spring Gardens. Such also are notices of the "present Westminster Bridge, now shortly to be destroyed," (vi. 209); of Searle's boathouse, opposite the Houses of Parliament (vi. 210); or of the "present splendor" of the Naval Hospital at Greenwich. He was evidently not aware that the Naval Hospital at Greenwich has no present existence, or that the building, after standing empty for some years, was converted in 1873 into a college for the higher education of naval officers. We mention these shortcomings unwillingly, because we understand that they are chiefly to be attributed to the editor's failing health, which permitted him indeed to while away tedious hours in transcribing the text, but rendered him unequal to the research which the annotating or correcting would have demanded. And after all, though we could gladly have spared blemishes such as these we have pointed out, we still welcome Mr. Bright's edition of Pepys's "Diary" as the best, or indeed the only one which has yet been published.

On May 26, 1703, died at Clapham, in his seventy-first year, Mr. Samuel Pepys, a respectable and highly respected old gentleman, who, during the later years of Charles II., and throughout the reign of James, had been secretary to the Admiralty as represented by the king in person. His supposed adhesion to the cause of his old master had got him into trouble at the Revolution; but that had cleared away, and, though for some years an object of suspicion to the new government, he had been on the whole undisturbed, and had passed his old age in the quiet of literary or philosophical leisure. He had been, almost from the beginning, a fellow of the Royal Society; its president in 1684; and had continued to the last a close attendant on its meetings, a friend and correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton, John Evelyn, Edmund Gibson, Dr. Wallis, Vincent, Sloane, Dryden, and others, the leading men in the world of literature or science. He was thus, in that world,



well and favorably known; although in science his acquirements were in no respect more than those of an intelligent and cultivated mind, and in literature he had never sought personal distinction; his only claim indeed to the title of author being a small volume — little more than a pamphlet — on the state of the Royal Navy, which he had published in 1690, or perhaps also another in 1677, on the recent history of Portugal, which has been attributed to him. But so far as his means permitted he was a liberal friend to both, and especially as a collector of books, the binding and arranging of which had long been his pet hobby. These, on his death, were bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, of which he was a member, and with which, through life, he had kept up an occasional intercourse; by the terms of the will they were to be kept distinct; and they still, in their original presses, occupy a room in the master's house, where they are known as the Pepysian Library.

Now amongst these books were six volumes, closely written in a fine, small, unknown character, which however, in 1818, was examined by Lord Grenville, at the request of his nephew, the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, lately elected master of Magdalene, when it was at once recognized as a shorthand, not very different from what Lord Grenville had himself used as a student. He therefore recommended his nephew to find out some man who, "for the lucre of gain, would sacrifice a few months to the labor of making a transcript of the whole; for which purpose," he added, "I would furnish you with my alphabet and lists of arbitrary signs, and also with the transcript of the first three or four pages." Mr. Neville decided to follow this recommendation, and engaged the assistance of Mr. Smith, then an undergraduate of St. John's; to whom, however, the deciphering proved a very serious task, occupying him for nearly three years, usually for twelve or fourteen hours a day. The transcript so made for Mr. Neville was, by him, handed over to his elder brother, Lord Braybrooke, who published a selection from it in 1825, and a second edition in 1828;

this was much enlarged for a third edition in 1848, and revised and corrected for a fourth in 1854, of which all later editions, till now, have been a reprint. Mr. Bright tells us that he undertook to decipher the MS. afresh, as an amusement during a sick holiday; and that, in doing this, he acted quite independently of Mr. Smith's previous labors, having learned the very cipher from a book in the Pepysian Library, entitled "Tachygraphy, or short writing, the most easie, exact and speedie." This once mastered, the work was straightforward enough; difficulties arose here and there when the writer had wished to keep anything particularly concealed, in which cases he wrote the cipher in French, Latin, Greek, or Spanish, or with a number of dummy letters; but of the passages so disguised, all were found unfit for publication.

It does not appear whether, before the master of Magdalene and Lord Grenville took the matter in hand, there was any clear idea of the nature of the MS.; but however this may have been, it at once, in the hands of the decipherer, stood revealed as a curiously detailed journal of nearly ten years of Mr. Pepys's private and public life, 1660-69, containing matter of exceptional interest, as referring to a period of our national existence which did then, and even now still does, exercise a sort of romantic fascination over the minds of all but the most realistic students of history. During these ten years Mr. Pepys was living in London, holding an official position at the Admiralty, in daily communication with the chief men of the time — the king, the Duke of York, Monk, Mountagu, Clarendon, Coventry; and, apart from his office, leading a social and even festive life, eating, drinking and repenting, dancing, theatre-going, and generally enjoying the world whilst he was young. In reading the "Diary" now as a whole, it is especially interesting to note the gradual change of the young and very poor man of twenty-six into the cheery, well-to-do man of ten years older, and the development of his character from the mean hanger-on of his patron to the resolute and far-seeing official. Throughout this period, every detail of his life, as he

wrote it down for himself alone, is before us; but of his earlier years we know but little, probably because there is little to know.

Samuel Pepys was born of a family long settled at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and which, respectable though not gentle in its antecedents, had widely diverged. His grandfather's sister Paulina, had married Sir Sidney Mountagu, and was mother of the Sir Edward Mountagu of the Commonwealth, the Lord Sandwich of the Restoration, first cousin of Samuel's father, who was a tailor in apparently a very small way of business. Samuel was born, probably in London, on February 23, 1633,\* and spent his childhood, as appears from passages in the "Diary," partly at Kingsland, where he boarded with his nurse, Goody Lawrence; partly with a cousin at Ashted, near Epsom; partly also, it may be supposed, with his father, the tailor, for whom, occasionally at least, he did duty as errand-boy; and very uncomfortable he seems to have felt at meeting his father's old customers, as, in the whirligig of time, he went up and they went down. His carrying clothes from the shop did not, however, stand in the way of his education at St. Paul's School, from which he went up, as a sizar, to Magdalene College, in October, 1650; but in the following March he became a pensioner, in the April was elected to a scholarship, and promoted to a more valuable one in October, 1653. This promotion he seems to have celebrated in a manner which brought down on him the reproof and solemn admonition of the College on October 21, 1653, "for having been scandalously overserved with drink the night before." And this is positively all that is known of his career as an undergraduate; but between winning scholarships and incurring admonitions, he got his degree in due course, and carried with him, from the university, a fair share of sound learning. It appears, from numerous passages in the "Diary," that he was on friendly terms with his Latin and Greek; that he could carry on a familiar conversation in Latin, and correct his brother John's Greek speech, "which he is to make the next Apposition at St. Paul's;" and towards the close of a long life devoted to official work, he was able to refer to Cicero as an author with whose writings he was still well acquainted. It

appears further that he had a good practical knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian; and was, as an amateur, an accomplished musician.

How he passed the eighteen months after taking his degree is not known; but as he had no patrimony he must have been earning his living in some way, and in a way sufficient to permit him, a man in whose character discretion was a strongly marked feature, to marry. This he did in October, 1655, when he was twenty-two years and six months old, his wife being at the time only fifteen. It is probable enough that the means of the young couple were extremely limited, and that they considered themselves fortunate in being offered a home in the house of his well-born cousin, Sir Edward Mountagu. His position there is not stated; but it may probably have been that of confidential servant in Sir Edward's absence during 1656 in the Mediterranean with Blake, or in 1657 at the reduction of Dunkirk. In 1658, when Sir Edward came home, he left. In the early part of the year he lived with his cousin, Mrs. Turner; and it was in her house, in March 26, that the celebrated operation for stone was performed. Afterwards he seems to have established himself in humble lodgings with one servant-maid, of whom he chronicles on August 6, 1661, that she "has this day been my mayde three years," and who continued in his service till her marriage on March 27, 1669. In March, 1659,\* Sir Edward Mountagu commanded an expedition to the Sound, in which Pepys is said to have accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. On his return he was appointed a clerk in the exchequer, under Sir George Downing; and here we find him when his diary opens, on January 1, 1660, living in a garret in Westminster, very poor in his private condition; and so indeed he continued for a couple of months longer, when he again went to sea with Sir Edward, on the memorable expedition which ended in bringing back the king.

This was the foundation of Pepys's fortune. As a linguist and a man of business, he was well prepared to take advantage of the opportunity; nor was he troubled with any unnecessary scruples in the matter of perquisites, some of which were questionable enough, though others, outrageous as they seem now, were then, and long afterwards, not only permitted

\* Lord Braybrooke, following all the earlier biographers, has given the date of his birth as 1632. It was really 1632-3, which, according to our present calendar, is 1633.

\* Not 1658, as Lord Braybrooke has said in consequence of his not observing the change in the calendar.

but authorized. Thus, for instance, in entering five or six servants, giving them what wages he pleased, and taking their pay to himself, he was but complying with what continued a custom of the service till the beginning of the present century, and which was so far authorized that a captain of a ship of war was allowed, by the regulations, four servants for each hundred of his ship's company. This was supposed to enable him to bring in a number of lads of a better class, as apprentices; but, in reality, it offered him an increase of pay estimated at about 10*l.* for each servant, a perquisite which might, in a first-rate, amount to nearly 400*l.* a year. Fees regular and irregular mounted up while Pepys was on board the "Naseby"—whose name was shortly changed to "Royal Charles"—but neither work, of which indeed he had plenty, nor attending to his own interests, occupied so much of his time that he was unable to take part in the festivities that came in his way. One of these, on April 30, he describes thus:—

After supper up to the lieutenant's cabin, where we drank, and W. Howe and I were very merry, and among other frolics he pulls out the spigot of the little vessel of ale that was there in the cabin, and drew some into his mouteere, and after he had drank, I endeavoring to dash it in his face, he got my velvet studying cap and drew some into mine too, that we made ourselves a great deal of mirth, but spoiled my clothes with the ale that we dashed up and down. After that to bed, with drink enough in my head.

And so over to the coast of Holland, whence, after some sight-seeing, and much drinking and firing of salutes,—in one of which Mr. Pepys, firing a gun and holding his head too much over it, had "almost spoiled" his right eye—the king was brought back to England; and on the way, says our diarist, "I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and, upon my desire, did promise me his future favor."

On making up his private accounts after his return to England, he found that he was "worth near 100*l.*; for which," he says, "I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon." Within a month he was appointed by the Duke of York to be clerk of the acts in the Navy Office, with a salary of 350*l.* a year, subject however to a deduction of 100*l.*, payable by arrangement to his predecessor, Mr. Barlow, described as "an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned."

Five years afterwards he gets news of Mr. Barlow's death—

for which [he writes on February 9, 1665] I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets 100*l.* per annum, he being a worthy honest man; but when I come to consider the providence of God by this means unexpectedly to give me 100*l.* a year more in my estate, I have cause to bless God, and do it from the bottom of my heart.

But the nominal salary of his office formed but a small portion of his income. He had been appointed also clerk of the privy seal, from which he did not at the time expect to get anything, but which did really bring him in about 3*l.* a day; so that, by December 31, he was able to write, "I take myself to be worth 300*l.* clear in money, and all my goods, and all manner of debts put, which are none at all:" that is to say, in less than six months he had paid away 200*l.*, after a liberal housekeeping and many exceptional expenses. He had furnished and moved into his official house at the Navy Office; he had paid 40*l.* for the patent of his office, and 9*l.* 16*s.* for his degree of M.A.; he had bought himself a velvet coat, "the first that ever I had;" he had given his wife 5*l.* to buy a petticoat of fine cloth trimmed with silver lace; and on September 5, "in the evening, my wife being a little impatient, I went along with her to buy her a necklace of pearl, which will cost 4*l.* 10*s.*, which I am willing to comply with her in, for her encouragement, and because I have lately got money." So that, altogether, the pickings must have been considerable, notwithstanding his entry on December 7: "To the Privy Seal, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by."

The "Diary" has been read by so many to whom the domestic history of this period is otherwise a blank, that its author has been not unnaturally accused of gross meanness and corruption in accepting presents, often curiously like bribes, as he certainly did through all the earlier years of his official life; but in this, bad as it seems now, he was only following the custom of the age, recognized and almost authorized; and his refusing to do so would have been considered the act of a simpleton; as indeed is shown by such a man as his patron, now Lord Sandwich, on August 16, 1660, "talking how good he did hope my place would be to me, and in general speaking that it was not the salary of any place that did make a man

rich, but the opportunity of getting money while he is in the place."

It would be unfair to censure a man for not rising far above the moral standard of his age; and although the clerk of the acts had as itching a palm as his neighbors, he did generally keep within the bounds of honesty as then understood. But it must be confessed that some transactions, briefly noted in the "Diary," stand out in very dark colors when closely scrutinized. Such, for instance, are some with Sir William Warren, a Baltic merchant, who, on August 2, 1664,

confesses himself my debtor 100*l.* for my service and friendship to him in his present great contract for masts, and that between this and Christmas, he shall be in stock and will pay it me. This I like well.

And a few weeks later, September 16,

he brought to me, being all alone, 100*l.* in a bag, which I offered him to give him my receipt for, but he told me no, it was my own, which he had a little while since promised me, and so most kindly he did give it me, and I as joyfully, even out of myself, carried it home in a coach, he himself expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done.

Another entry, on February 6, 1665, has:—

With Sir W. Warren, and have concluded a firm league with him, in all just ways to serve him and myself all I can, and I think he will be a most useful and thankful man to me.

The true meaning of all which has to be looked for in certain observations made by the commissioners of accounts, who, some years later, examined into the shortcomings of the Navy Office during the Dutch war; and from these we find that there was grave reason to believe that during the years 1664–5 Sir William Warren had been permitted to supply masts and spars to a large amount, not according to contract, either in point of time or dimensions; less useful, if not altogether unfit and unserviceable.\*

This seems very bad, and we cannot but fear other instances might be found, if it were worth our while to investigate them. On the other hand, we find him on August 7, 1665, refusing twenty pieces in gold about Mr. Deering's business—"resolving not to be bribed to despatch business, but will have it done, however, out of hand, forthwith;" although, in-

deed, six weeks later he was forced to take them, "really and sincerely against my will and content." On another occasion—"though much to my grief"—he returned fifty gold pieces which he had accepted for speaking in favor of Mr. Downing, the anchor smith, who afterwards found himself not fit for the appointment, and let it fall; nor, when his rapacity is spoken of, should it be forgotten that he made his wife return a "locket of diamonds, worth about 40*l.*," which W. Hewer do press her to accept, out of gratitude for my kindness and hers to him; but it becomes me more to refuse it, than to let her accept of it;" or that he himself gave her a necklace of pearl, "a very good one, and 80*l.* is the price."

The unhappy turn which his fortunes took in the spring of 1660 continued through succeeding years. In 1662, he was appointed one of the commissioners for the affairs of Tangier; in 1665, treasurer for Tangier, and a few months later "surveyor general of the victualling business" of the navy. These two offices opened out to him new opportunities for gain lawful or not lawful, and at the end of that year 1665, he was able to note that during its course he had raised his estate from 1,300*l.* to 4,400*l.* At the end of 1666, he finds himself worth 6,200*l.*; and the following year, 1667, would seem to have been no less advantageous to his private fortunes. But when we consider what these years were for the country—years of pestilence and fire, invasion and defeat—it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Pepys, like many others more highly placed than he, found his own gain in his country's loss. He himself, however, had no misgivings on this score. He prided himself vastly on his condition; talked of setting up a coach; and, though the doing so was delayed for nearly a year, partly, perhaps, on account of his giving his sister, Paulina, 600*l.* on her marriage,\* the intention was carried into effect in April, 1669, and on May 1 Mr. and Mrs. Pepys took that celebrated drive in the park, which has become almost a stock example of the vanity of human wishes.

During the whole period of the "Diary"

\* Mr. Mynors Bright has gone, throughout, on the principle of leaving Lord Braybrooke's work uncorrected and untouched; and has printed the genealogical tables exactly as they were drawn out, nearly sixty years ago, by Mr. Neville. Otherwise, it might have been interesting to note that one of the lineal descendants, in the female line, of Paulina Pepys (Mrs. Jackson) was the late Commodore Goodenough, a son of whom has lately been admitted into the service of which his father was so distinguished an ornament.

\* British Museum, MSS. Additional, Sloane, 2751. The nature and extent of Sir W. Warren's contracts may be seen in the *Calendars of State Papers, Domestic*.

Pepys was thus a man of comfortable and improving means; and his expenditure, though subject to quaint fits of economy, was on the whole liberal, and at times even lavish. For, though industrious and attentive to his business, he was fond of pleasure, often, he feared, too fond, and his record of the conflict in his own mind between duty and inclination is frequently most grotesque; not that such conflict is beyond any one's personal experience, but that the reading an honest description of it is. During the first two years, excessive conviviality seems to have been a besetting weakness, and we find occasionally such an entry as the following:—

September 29, 1661 (Lord's day).—To church in the morning, and so to dinner; and Sir W. Penn and daughter, and Mrs. Poole his kinswoman, came by appointment to dinner with us, and a good dinner we had for them, and were very merry; and so to church again, and then to Sir W. Penn's, and there supped, where his brother, a traveller and one that speaks Spanish very well, and a merry man, supped with us; and what at dinner and supper, I drink I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine that I was even almost fozed, and my head ached all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet since I came to the house, of a Sunday night; I being now so out of order, that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.

Or this:—

April 3, 1661.—My head aching all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Penn, who would needs have me drink two draughts of sack to-day, to cure me of last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true.

His ignorance on this point, at the age of twenty-eight, may however be taken as a fair proof that he was not, even in a military sense, an habitual drunkard, and he very soon brought himself up; he took "vows," in a manner amusing enough, against drinking, going to the play, or kissing the ladies of his acquaintance, under the penalty of a fine, paid, it would seem, to the poor-box; and from the beginning of 1662 little blame attaches to him on the score of want of sobriety. Except on rare occasions, he confined himself to beer, and noted, on January 26,—

Thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better, and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

So also the next year, January 18, 1663:—

To church and heard a dull drowsy sermon, and so home and to my office, perfecting my vows again for the next year, which I have now done and sworn to in the presence of Almighty God to observe upon the respective penalties thereto annexed.

Fortunately for the history of the stage, his vow against the theatre was neither so strict nor so strictly kept; and he rarely if ever missed seeing any novelty, notwithstanding the occasional prickings of conscience. Thus he notes, May 29, 1663: "My mind troubled about my spending my time so badly, and for my going these two days to plays, for which I have paid the due forfeit by money." Or again, February 1, 1664: "Took my wife to the King's theatre, it being a new month, and once a month I may go."

Dining he never was brought to look on as a thing that ought to be restricted, and from first to last very honestly acknowledges his preference for a good dinner. Within a week of the beginning of the "Diary," he dines with his cousin, Thomas Pepys; a very good dinner—"only the venison pasty was palpable beef" (previous editions, by the way, read *mutton*), "which was not handsome;" and so at the very end, twelve days only before the close, at Whitehall, Mr. May "took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Chiffinch's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens and good wine, and I dined like a prince, being before very hungry and empty." Pepys evidently thought dinner a most important piece of business, and comparatively few days pass without mention of it in greater or less detail, whether it consisted of the remains of a turkey dressed by his wife, in the doing of which she burned her hand; or of simple bread and cheese and a cup of ale, or, as times got better, of a boiled haunch of venison, or of "a hog's harslet, a piece of meat I love." In the early years of his "Diary" he generally gives the bill of fare at his dinner-parties. Thus, on April 4, 1663:—

We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content.

This was for a party of seven, besides himself and wife, nine in all, of whom five were women. Well might he say, "My dinner was great." After the dinner they go for a drive in Hyde



Park, where "about an hour and home, and I found the house as clear as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cook 12*d.* apiece, each of us." Later in his career, however, when a dinner-party is more a thing of course, he does not descend to details, though he rarely omits to sum up the result; as on the great occasion when he entertained Lord Sandwich to "a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have. I think, at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at court."

But, quite irrespective of the eating and drinking, many of his afternoons were spent in a pleasant sociality, the custom of which has in modern times become, in London at least, virtually extinct. A few friends, with or without invitation, drop in, and the evening passes in music, singing, and dancing, with (it must be added) a large allowance of kissing. The kissing is, in fact, a very prominent feature of the diary. If we are to accept Byron's statement that "kiss rhymes to bliss in fact as well as verse," a great deal of bliss fell to the lot of Mr. Pepys during the ten years determining May 31, 1669. The excuses therefor are innumerable — sometimes he liked it, and sometimes the young ladies liked it; sometimes it was right, and sometimes it was not right — naughty but, we may suppose, nice; sometimes his wife allowed or approved, and sometimes she got furiously jealous; but the bliss-rhyming actions went on all the same. Here are some few out of many instances more or less amusing, but all either "devoid of the slightest interest," or quite too shocking for the chaste pages of former editions: —

September 14, 1660. — In the afternoon Luellin came to my house, and he being drunk and I being to defend the ladies from his kissing them, I kissed them myself very often, with a great deal of mirth.

December 20, 1665. — Home to Greenwich, and thence I to Mrs. Penington, and had a supper from the King's Head for her; and at last, late, I did pray her to undress herself into her nightgown, that I might see how to have her picture drawn carelessly (for she is mighty proud of that conceit), and I would walk without in the streete till she had done. So I did walk forth; and whether I made too many turns or no in the dark cold frosty night between the two walls up to the park gate, I know not; but she was gone to bed when I came again to the house, upon pretence of

leaving some papers there, which I did on purpose by her consent. So I away home, and was there sat up for to be spoken with by my young Mrs. Daniel, to pray me to speak for her husband to be a lieutenant. I had the opportunity here of kissing her again and again, and did answer that I would be very willing to do him any kindness, and so parted.

December 21, 1665. — This day I was come to by Mrs. Burrows of Westminster, Lieutenant Burrows (lately dead) his wife, a most pretty woman and my old acquaintance; I had a kiss or two of her, and a most modest woman she is.

Mrs. Burrows's business — which was to reclaim the pay due to her husband at his death — would seem to have required several visits to the Navy Office, and to have necessitated several payments of similar fees to the clerk of the acts. One other adventure is remarkable principally for the language in which it is related. On February 11, 1667, he went for a pleasure trip over the water with Betty Michell — "Betty Howlet of the Hall, my little sweetheart, that I used to call my second wife, married to a younger son of Mr. Michell's;" there he bought "a dressing-box for her, cost 20*s.*," and waited whilst it was being fitted, but "*elle* to enter *à la casa de uno de sus hermanos.*" By-and-by she rejoined him at the cabinet-maker's shop, and having got the box, but not "till it was late quite dark," they took coach and home.

But now [writes Mr. Pepys] comes my trouble. I did begin to fear that *su marido* might go to my house to enquire *pour elle*, and there *trouvant my muger* at home, would not only think himself, but give my *femme* occasion to think strange things. This did trouble me mightily, so though *elle* would not seem to have me trouble myself about it, yet did agree to the stopping the coach at the street's end, and *aller con elle* home, and there presently hear by him that he had newly sent *su maid* to my house to see for her mistress. This do much perplex me, and I did go presently home (Betty whispering me behind the *tergo* de her *mari*, that if I would say that we did come home by water, *elle* could make up *la cose* well *satis*), and there in a sweat did walk in the entry before my door, thinking what I should say *à my femme*; and as God would have it, while I was in this case (the worst in reference *à my femme* that ever I was in my life), a little woman comes stumbling to the entry steps in the dark; whom asking who she was, she enquired for my house. So knowing her voice, and telling her *su donna* is come home, she went away.

Such a story, so told, seems absurd enough; but, in very truth, the danger to



his peace of life was considerable; for Mrs. Pepys did not at all like her husband's goings on, and was by no means backward at letting him know it. Her jealousy, for a long time, rested chiefly on Mrs. Knipp, a pretty actress, whom Mr. Pepys was specially fond of kissing, and with whom, in the intervals of singing and dancing, he used to correspond, she as "Barbary Allen," he as "Dapper Dicky." This flirtation has been often dwelt on as one of the most comic passages in Pepys's life; but it has, in fact, been exaggerated; or rather, by the omission of most of the notices of a still more amusing escapade, undue prominence has been given to it. We have these now before us, regardless of the old prudery; and it appears that poor Mrs. Knipp had really nothing whatever to do with the celebrated scene in which the red-hot tongs played the leading part. The *terribila belli causa* was, on the contrary, that "pretty girl Willett," who came, on September 30, 1667, to attend on Mrs. Pepys. Pretty Miss Willett was the not unwilling cause of a deal of mischief which sprang out of a little matter. It was a Sunday, December 22; poor Mrs. Pepys had a bad toothache, and kept her bed; but her husband—"to my chamber, and thither came to me Willett with an errand from her mistress, and this time I first did give her a little kiss, she being a very pretty humored girl, and so one that I do love mightily;" after which kissing Willett became a very common amusement. Mrs. Pepys, a woman of violent temper and jealous of everybody, still did not take particular exception to the too charming Deb—Deborah Willett—until the fatal October 25, 1668; under which date we read:—

After supper to have my head combed by Deb, which occasioned the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world: for my wife coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl. I was at a wonderful loss upon it, and I endeavored to put it off; but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and, as her reason came to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little, but to bed, and my wife said little also, but could not sleep all night, but about two in the morning waked me and cried, and fell to tell me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholic, and had received the Holy Sacrament, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another, till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw. But after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, till

at last she seemed to be at ease again; and so toward morning a little sleep.

Now this quarrel with his wife, this confession of hers that she was a Roman Catholic, exercised, both then and years afterwards, a very great influence on Pepys's life: years afterwards, when, in 1673 and in 1679, a charge was preferred against him that he was a Catholic and had married a Catholic—a charge which brought him into very real danger; then, for Mrs. Pepys was not so easily quieted, and broke out again and again. The very next evening the poor husband has to chronicle, "My wife full of trouble in her looks, and anon to bed, where, about midnight, she wakes me, and there falls foul of me;" nor would she be persuaded by all her husband's asseverations, but kept a very sharp look-out. On November 3, we have:—

To supper, and I observed my wife to eye my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb, which I could not but do now and then; and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight.

The result of which appears on the 12th:—

To my wife, and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willett to my chamber, and there did with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her, and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me or let me see her more, which she took with tears too.

It was thus arranged that Deb was to go on the 14th, when we read:—

Up, and my wife rose presently and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and came up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends.

It was not, however, till the 21st that he was able to write, "I am now at peace as to my poor wife;" and the 22nd, that "she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt." The quarrel, however, again broke out, and culminated, on January 12, 1669, in the assault with the tongs. This is, perhaps, the stock story of the "Diary;" but separated, as it has hitherto been,

from the long feud and the sweet influence of Deb, it loses its real meaning, and is nothing more than a rather exaggerated version of one of Mrs. Caudle's lectures. Two months later we hear the last of Miss Willett, in a notice which may fairly serve to show how a story is often spoiled, in the former editions, by undue compression. We give it, therefore, complete, marking by brackets the clauses hitherto omitted:—

March 12, 1669. — Home, where thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me [upon some news she has this day heard of Deb's living very fine, and with black spots, and speaking ill words of her mistress, which with good reason might vex her; and the baggage is to blame, but God knows, I know nothing of her, nor what she do]; but, what with my high words and slighting, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart! [and I was heartily glad of it, for I do see there is no man can be happier than myself, if I will, with her. But in her fit she did tell me what vexed me all the night, that this had put her upon putting off her handsome maid, and hiring another that was full of the smallpox, which did mightily vex me, though I said nothing, and do still.]

It was, however, not only on account of Miss Willett, or Mrs. Knipp, or other kissable young women, that fierce quarrels occasionally took place between the husband and the wife. With his keen attention to domestic details, his economy, not to say his meanness, his petty meddling, and bullying, the man's behavior was often most provoking; on the other hand, the woman was untidy in her habits and dirty in her person; as an exceptional thing, she goes to bathe herself, after long being within doors in the dirt. "She now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean; how long it will hold," writes the unfortunate husband, "I can guess." Such an entry explains a good deal of bad humor, or even such childish outbreaks as this:—

October 13, 1660. — Home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it.

Or this:—

December 19, 1661. — My wife and I went home by coach, but in the way I took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbons being ill matched and of two colors, and to very high words, so that like a pas-

sionate fool I did call her a bad name, for which I was afterwards sorry.

But Mrs. Pepys had a fine temper of her own, and could call bad names too, when the fit was on her. Thus we have, May 2, 1663:—

Some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean; I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me.

Or, again, on May 21:—

Being at supper, my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in, she used the word devil, which vexed me; and among other things, I said I would not have her to use that word; she took me up most scornfully, which, before Ashwell and the rest of the world, I know not nowadays how to check. So that I fear without great discretion, I shall go near to lose my command over her.

Possibly it was to maintain this command that we find him, from time to time, "bending his fist," or, as on July 13, 1667, when "my wife in a dogged humor for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words."

It was not only his wife but his servants also that Mr. Pepys ruled with a strong hand. That he should whip his boy for lying, stealing, or setting off fireworks in the house, was natural enough, though some people nowadays would call the punishment excessive; but boys were harder two hundred or even fifty years ago than they are now, and this particular boy does not seem to have been anything the worse for the many severe thrashings he got, though he finally disappeared suddenly to escape one impending. So also there was nothing very blamable in his boxing Will's ears, when Will neglected to brush his clothes in time for church. Will, at any rate, was not ruined by the degradation, but became in time W. Hewer, esquire, a commissioner of the navy and member of Parliament. The kicking "Luce the cookmayde" was, however, according to modern ideas, quite inexcusable, and was even then a thing to be ashamed of; although Luce's conduct was, no doubt, extremely aggravating.

Notwithstanding Mr. Pepys's readiness to use his hands against his wife or his servants, physical courage was not a virtue on which he could pride himself. It would be hard to call the poor man a coward; but his training was that of a student or a man of business, and any valor he had was certainly not of the

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sword-and-buckler species. Hence we have an amusing account of his trepidation when he expected Captain Holmes to send him a challenge "for the words I did give him;" and his delight when, after all, Holmes acknowledged that he was in the wrong. Hence also the story how, on October 20, 1663—

while I was in Kirton's shop, a fellow came to offer kindness or force to my wife in the coach, but she refusing, he went away, after the coachman had struck him, and he the coachman. So I being called, went thither, and the fellow coming out again of a shop, I did give him a good cuff or two on the chops, and seeing him not oppose me, I did give him another; at last found him drunk, of which I was glad, and so left him.

Again, we have a grotesque account of his alarm, early one morning, at a strange noise which, as it turned out, was made by the chimneysweep next door, and of his fright when "our young gib-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom at two leaps." But, timid though he was, in his own way Pepys was capable of good and courageous action; and his very manly, straightforward letter, November 18, 1663, to Lord Sandwich—his patron, it must be remembered, in whom his hopes of advancement centred—raises him enormously in our esteem, and may fairly be held to balance many pages of childish or selfish twaddle to himself. The man who, under the circumstances, and in his relative position, could write this letter, was very far indeed from being the base and abject sycophant which Pepys has often been most unjustly said to be. That he has been so is solely owing to the honesty with which he noted down, through so many years, his passing thoughts and the mental process by which they assumed form to control his actions; he thus resembles a character in the Palace of Truth, criticised by spectators more or less under the influence of the maxim that speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts.

With May, 1669, the "Diary" comes abruptly to an end. The last years are not nearly so full as the first, and towards the close there are several breaks, so that it may be doubted whether, in any case, he would have continued it much longer in the same detail; but the determining cause was the weakness of his eyes, which had been failing for some time, and had subjected him to a very lively fear. As was not unnatural, therefore, he frequently notes their state and

influences, favorable or unfavorable; any little excess in wine or beer hurts them, and on one occasion he writes: "My right eye sore and full of humor of late; I think by my late change of my brewer." But, all fancy apart, his eyes got worse and worse. On April 14, 1669, he wrote: "It is with great trouble that I now see a play because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me." And on May 31, he made the last entry, half comic and wholly pathetic:—

Thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, which cannot be much, now my amours are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.

It must be remembered that at this time he was only thirty-six. The "Diary" is in such detail, that though it covers barely ten years, it is commonly accepted as the record of his life. This is, of course, a very false view to take of it; the Pepys of 1669 is a markedly different man from the Pepys of 1660; and we may take it for granted that each succeeding decade left its impress on the man's character—the more certainly as he was advanced to higher duties, graver responsibilities, and more serious troubles.

As he closed his "Diary," his failing eyesight had forced on him the necessity of a lengthened rest. He had already, on May 19, obtained leave from the Duke of York and the king to go abroad. He went to Holland, and travelled there and in France for five months, returning in the end of October. But the voyage, "full of health and content," ended miserably. His wife, immediately on her return, was taken ill of a severe and, as it proved, fatal fever; she died on November 10, having just completed her twenty-ninth year. When we read the accounts, many of them ludicrous enough, of her tempers and jealousies, her child-

like troubles and her childlike furies, we must remember that she was, as a bride, still a child; and that her husband, through his attention to business and his devotion to pleasure, left her, an uneducated girl, very much to herself. It was about the same time that Pepys contested the representation of Aldborough, which then returned two members, but is now perhaps best known to the outside world by its sprats. In this contest he was unsuccessful; but three years later, in 1673, he was returned to Parliament for Castle Rising, in Norfolk, now also disfranchised. His opponent, Mr. Offley, petitioned against him as being a Papist, or Popishly inclined; and adduced proof that he had in his house an altar, with a crucifix. This Mr. Pepys denied. There is no reason to doubt his Protestantism; but that he had a crucifix, and a very handsome crucifix too, we know from the "Diary," where we read, July 20, 1666, "To Lovett's, there to see how my picture goes on to be varnished, a fine crucifix, which will be very fine;" and again, August 2, "At home find Lovett, who showed me my crucifix, which will be very fine when done;" and finally, on November 3, "comes Mr. Lovett, and brings me my print of the passion, varnished by him and the frame black, which indeed is very fine, though not so fine as I expected; however pleases me exceedingly;" more, probably, than it did when, standing up in his place, he "did heartily and flatly deny that he ever had any altar or crucifix, or the image or picture of any saint whatsoever in his house, from the top to the bottom of it."

It is difficult to understand how Pepys, who was not altogether devoid of memory, could hazard such an assertion; but we may perhaps charitably suppose that he looked on it merely as a work of art; but in any case, it is surely harsh to censure Shaftesbury—as Lord Braybrooke has done—for giving evidence that he had "some imperfect memory of seeing somewhat which he conceived to be a crucifix; he could not remember whether it were painted or carved, or in what manner the thing was; his memory was so very imperfect in it, that if he were upon his oath he could give no testimony." Lord Braybrooke, whom Mr. Bright accurately follows, "forbears to characterize Shaftesbury's evidence," and deplors the lengths to which bad passions inflamed by party violence could carry a man of Shaftesbury's rank. Shaftesbury was not an estimable character, but in this instance he is

wrongly accused. The false evidence, such as it was, was not his, but Pepys's, against whom the committee decided, possibly being convinced that he had had the crucifix, possibly also being led by the belief that his late wife had been educated in a convent, and had, sometimes at least, passed as a Catholic. We have seen how she had, in a fit of jealousy, alarmed her husband by saying that she was a Catholic; and it appears, by a letter from her brother, written at this time, that she had had early inclinations to "Popery," but that the idea of her having been educated in a convent was a mistake, and that really she was in the convent for less than twelve days, when she was about twelve years old.\* The House, however, did not confirm the decision of the committee, and Pepys kept his seat.

He had previously, on the passing of the Test Act and the resignation of the Duke of York, been appointed secretary to the admiralty, represented by the king in person; and in that office he continued, till in 1679, when the "Popish Plot" was in full swing, the old accusation was revived against him, accompanied now by a very detailed charge of treasonable correspondence with the king of France. On May 22, on the depositions of a notorious and infamous informer, Colonel Scott, he was committed to the Tower under the speaker's warrant. He was shortly released on heavy bail, from which he was relieved in the following spring; the attorney-general stating that Scott now refused to acknowledge the truth of his original deposition, on which the whole charge rested. A year later, and Scott fled the country, having murdered a hackney coachman on a dispute as to an eighteenpenny fare. Under Charles II., colonel was by no means necessarily a title of honor. Blood was another, whose name is in every one's recollection; and the "Diary" tells of a third, Turner, who was hanged for a burglary.

Notwithstanding Pepys's assured innocence of the charges of treason, a suspicion of corrupt practices had caused popular feeling to run strongly against him. Nothing of the sort was proved, or even brought to trial; but knowing what we do—what the "Diary" reveals as to his conduct when in a much lower position—it would be hazardous to maintain too loudly that he was altogether guiltless. The detailed nature of these

\* B. St. Michell to Pepys, Feb. 8, 1673-4, in "Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys," edited by the Rev. John Smith, vol. i., pp. 146-153.

suspicious, more particularly as to the sale of appointments, appears from a pamphlet—which in itself has no authority—entitled “Plain Truth, or a Private Discourse between P. and H.” In 1825, Lord Braybrooke, noting that he had never seen this pamphlet, filled up the initials as Pepys and Harbord, member for Thetford and Pepys's principal accuser. This filling up has remained ever since, and is now again repeated. But, with a very little trouble, Mr. Bright might have seen two copies of the pamphlet in the British Museum, and have learned that the H. is not Harbord, but, beyond question, W. Hewer; being represented, not as P's enemy or accuser, but as his *âme damnée*, suggesting and doing his dirty work.

However this may have been, on the Admiralty being put in commission in 1679, Pepys was deprived of his office, and would seem for the next few years to have been engaged as private secretary to the Duke of York, who possibly looked on him as a martyr to the Roman Catholic religion. In 1683 he accompanied Lord Dartmouth to Tangier, when that place was dismantled and abandoned; Pepys's duties being those of commissioner for the adjustment of property claims. His journal during this expedition, written in the same shorthand, is preserved, with many others of his papers, in the Bodleian Library, and was edited, about forty years ago, by Mr. Smith, in the volumes of “Correspondence” already referred to; a work of real, though not, perhaps, of such popular interest as the better known “Diary.”

It was shortly after the return from Tangier that the king, having formed, according to Pepys's published statement,\* a strong opinion as to the incompetence and neglect of the commissioners of the admiralty, again took on himself the direction of naval affairs, and required, as Pepys tells us, “my immediate return to the post I had formerly had the honor of serving him at, therein.” In this he continued through the rest of Charles's reign, as also under James, till the Revolution, when he was naturally displaced. His official habitudes of near thirty years' growth bound him to the house of Stuart, and his personal inclinations were towards the theory of non-resistance and the High-Church party. He was now too old to change; but, on the other hand, he was

not of the stuff that political or religious martyrs are made of, and would certainly not have disturbed the new government. On this point, however, his contemporaries could not have the same certainty, and, on some charges of conspiring in favor of the ex-king, he was, in June, 1690, committed to the Gatehouse. His imprisonment was short; and though perhaps considered, to some extent, an object of suspicion, and though he himself believed that he was liable, from day to day, to have his papers examined, he passed the remaining years of his life in an honorable retirement, and died just three months and three days after his seventieth birthday.

But though for only ten years of his life, Mr. Pepys's “Diary” makes us familiarly acquainted with him, with his domestic affairs, with his tone of thought, in a way altogether outside our experience. We may have seen on the stage, or have read of in novels, the eccentric old man who thinks aloud; but we have never heard of any one but Samuel Pepys, who, during ten years of the prime of manhood, carried out the idea of thinking on paper, or who persistently noted down the affairs of each day without some half-realized purpose of showing the record to somebody else; not necessarily of publishing it, but of leaving it as an heirloom to his children and descendants. Not so did Pepys; his “Diary” is the trace of each passing thought; and, as a result, it bears to an “autobiography” a relation somewhat similar to that which an accurately focussed photograph bears to a portrait by a fashionable painter. As a work of art, it is nowhere; but as showing the details of daily life and thought in the seventeenth century—details which no artist would then have dreamed of putting in, and which the artistic mind of to-day more than dreams of leaving out—details of eating, drinking, and dressing, of kissing the ladies, or cuffing the servants, of skates, coaches with springs, or telescopic dinner-tables, of the king's grey hairs, or the queen's pretty English phrases—Pepys's “Diary” took its place in our literature fifty-five years ago, and every succeeding edition has confirmed it in it. As a study of Pepys nature, it is amusing; as a study of human nature, it is interesting; as a record of manners and customs passed away, it is important; but it is as a comment on some historical problems of the time that it is perhaps most valuable.

We believe that in this respect there

\* Memoires relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England. 1690.



has been a tendency to underrate it, or to assume that his historical notices are all worthless, because those that relate to political or foreign affairs are necessarily second-hand, and the merest hearsay, the tittle-tattle of the day. But on purely domestic history what he writes is always interesting. An intelligent man living in and about London during the summer of 1665, or the September of 1666, could scarcely help saying something on the social aspects of the plague and the fire which no one else has said, or strengthening impressions already made. And when he writes of naval matters he stands absolutely alone; he is then writing of what he was more intimately acquainted with than any one other man, and his statements are based on his knowledge of official papers which he had seen, or of discussions in which he had taken part. When he wrote, "The talk upon the 'Change is that De Ruyter is dead," we see that this is gossip, which, besides, we know not to be true; but when he wrote on the next day, June 17, 1664, "To Woolwich, to make a discovery of a cheat providing for us in the working of some of our own ground tows into new cordage, to be sold to us for Riga cordage," and "I perceive the corruptions of the navy are of so many kinds that it is endless to look after them, especially while such a one as Sir W. Batten discourages every man that is honest," the information is first hand, the facts are beyond controversy, and the opinion of Batten, whatever its truth, is the honest expression of the thought. But similar entries are on almost every page, many of which — as this just quoted — were cut out of former editions, as of no interest. Failing the "Navalia," the history of the English navy, which Pepys undertook to write, but did not; failing the "History of the Dutch War," which Evelyn did write, but which has unfortunately gone astray, or even if we had these, and with all the Pepysian MSS. preserved in the Bodleian Library, we say unhesitatingly that no one can pretend to form an opinion on the naval history of the period who has not read and re-read and digested the "Diary."

It is not indeed the story of the great events of the war that we look for here, although even of these we have independent accounts quoted at first hand, without the politic reticence or political coloring of State papers, and without the attempt at disguise which historians, in deference to public feeling, have often

adopted. The account of the victory of June 3, 1665, is indeed taken from the semi-official letter of Coventry to the Duke of Albemarle, who, in the Duke of York's absence with the fleet, was acting as his deputy at the Admiralty; but we have also a querulous comment on it, taken down as the substance of a conversation with Lord Sandwich, who had commanded the blue squadron in the action, and led the way to victory by breaking through and dividing the enemy's fleet; and making full allowance for Sandwich's ill-humor and wrath at the garbled narrative officially put forward, it is still worth noting that he is reported to have said "that the most the duke did was almost out of gunshot, but that indeed the duke did come up to my lord's (Sandwich's) rescue after he had a great while fought with four of them." All that the "Diary" has to say on the disputed question of shortening sail in the pursuit of the flying enemy, is reported from the parties implicated, Cox, Harman, or Penn, and as evidence carries no weight, nor tends to solve the problem; though the entry, "It is charged privately as a fault on the Duke of York that he did not presently examine the reason of the breach of his orders and punish it," is suggestive, if only as showing the undercurrent of public opinion. The question is one that now never can be answered; but, considering the odious character of Brouncker, it does not seem quite improbable that he was in this instance the scapegoat of the duke's fault. It was the fashion among English writers to speak of the duke as a man of the most undaunted personal courage. French and Dutch writers did not rate his character quite so high. Basnage does not consider his conduct on this occasion to be that of a hero, and Le Clerc, in his account of the battle of Solebay in 1672, says, in so many words, that the duke's safety was provided for by putting him in the middle of a coil of cable. This is certainly a false libel; but it is difficult to believe in a "boiling courage" in 1665 or 1672, which had all evaporated in 1688 or 1689.

The story of the great four days' fight off the North Foreland, June 1-4, 1666, is again admirably told in a series of accidental but curiously artistic touches: a letter from the Duke of Albemarle that the enemy is in sight; that they are fitting themselves to fight them; guns are heard, which "put us at the Board into a tossie;" orders to send two hundred soldiers as "a recrute" to the fleet. "On



shore at Greenwich, and into the park, and there we could hear the guns from the fleet most plainly." The soldiers are shipped off from Blackwall, most of them drunk — "but Lord! to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted and let off their guns, was strange sport." Then wavering rumors, and hopes and fears, and —

News is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleet; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel [his pretty wife had not, it would seem, got him made a lieutenant] all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney and covered with dirt, pitch and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night, at five o'clock, from the fleet, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye.

Their story is nothing but that the prince has joined the fleet, which is so far good. Then more hopes and fears, amidst which comes an express from the storekeeper at Harwich, telling

how upon Monday the two fleets fought all day till seven at night, and then the whole fleet of Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again. We were all so overtaken with this good news, that the duke ran with it to the king, who was gone to chapel, and there all the court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good news. Away go I by coach to the new Exchange, and there did spread this good news a little, though I find it had broke out before. And so home to our own church, it being the common fast day, and it was just before sermon; but Lord! how all the people in the church stared upon me to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Penn! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by-and-by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the news, which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and handed from pew to pew. But that which pleased me as much as the news was to have the fair Mrs. Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady.

And then comes the reverse of the medal the next day.

My Lord Brouncker and Sir T. H., that come from court, tell me the contrary news: that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's. This news do much trouble me.

Altogether the story, extending over some twelve or fourteen pages, is most interesting and — though accidentally — artistic in its lights and shades, its hopes, joys, despairs, interspersed with commonplace

or absurdly out-of-place remarks, such as the notice of the fair Mrs. Middleton, or of Mrs. Tite's two daughters, "the elder a long red-nosed silly jade."

The Dutch admirals in this great battle were the illustrious De Ruyter and Cornelis Tromp, of both of whom there are admirable portraits by Frank Hals and Godfrey Maes in Lord Spencer's collection, now, or till lately, on loan to South Kensington. But Mr. Bright, for some reason difficult to understand, unless — which we are loth to suggest — he has confused Cornelis Tromp with his greater father, has here inserted a hideous copy of an old print, "being the effigies of both the Admirals of Holland," Martin Tromp and Witte Cornelis de Witte, who did indeed command the Dutch fleet on June 3, 1653, when the first of the two was killed. The other, De Witte, fell fighting against the Swedes in 1658. Both were men to whom even we, their enemies, might be proud to do honor; but their portraits have here no meaning, any more than if one were to illustrate the story of Trafalgar with portraits of Hawke or Boscawen.

The shameful history of 1667, the bold venture of the Dutch, the popular panic of the English, the general haste to conceal money and plate before the enemy should come into London, the utter disorganization of the public service, is all equally well told; and nowhere, not even in the Calendar of State Papers, do we obtain such an insight into the causes that conducted to our national disgrace. Pepys's work was chiefly financial, and no one so well understood the difficulties which hampered the navy from the very beginning of the war. On these he constantly dwells with a mournful foreboding, and it would be easy to trace in the pages of the "Diary" the disasters of 1667, as slowly preparing for two or three years. It is sufficiently well known that emptiness was the general condition of the royal treasury, and that the king was careless and extravagant; but there is a common tendency to believe that his light-hearted generosity and good humor made amends for much, and that, with all his faults, he was ready on any emergency to throw off his luxurious sloth, and, Sardanapalus-like, appear as a hero. Mr. Pepys, full of admiration for the king, tells us a good deal about this generosity and heroism. The generosity consisted in giving Lady Castlemaine 30,000*l.* to pay her debts, and at the same time, December 12, 1666, embezzling 400,000*l.*

voted for the prosecution of the war. On October 10, 1666, he notes that "the king hath had towards the war expressly 5,590,000*l.*; and the whole charge of the navy as we state it hath been but 3,200,000*l.*, so what is become of this sum, 2,390,000*l.*?" And on May 1, 1667, he was in debt to the navy 900,000*l.*, money which Parliament was led to believe had been paid. The effects of this kind of generosity were apparent—ships not paid, men mutinous, stores not provided, workmen starving. Such entries may be found at almost every opening of the "Diary" or the companion volumes of the Calendar of State Papers. Thus, we have, June 14, 1667:—

Mr. Wilson, who is come from Chatham last night, tells me that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English, and that they did cry and say "We did heretofore fight for tickets, now we fight for dollars." And Mr. Lewes, who was present at this fellow's discourse to me, did tell me that he is told that when they took the "Royal Charles" they said that they had their tickets signed, and showed some, and that now they come to have them paid. And several seamen came this morning to me to tell me that if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed. . . . And indeed the hearts as well as the affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, "This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not."

As a comment on which, we may refer to the Calendar, May 15, 1667, where there is a note of a

petition of the shipwrights and workmen employed in the yard at Chatham for the speedy supply of wages, without which many of them and their families will perish for want, having above one year's pay due; no one will now supply them on credit, and they have no provisions.

Or this, June 27, 1667:—

Petitions of the officers and seamen of the "Harp" frigate and the "Mary" yacht to the Navy Commissioners, for pay, that their families may not be starved in the streets, and themselves go like heathen, having nothing to cover their nakedness. Have fifty-two months' pay due, and neither money nor credit.

Or, once again, on October 11, 1667:—

The poor widow Lacy, who wrought the twice-laid stuff in the yard at Woolwich, and for want of money was forced to quit the em-

ployment, has three bills, value 50*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*; for want of payment, she is in a most deplorable condition, owing most of it to about fifteen people as poor as herself, who torment her daily. Her credit is gone, she has not a stick of wood or coals to lay on the fire, nor can be further trusted for any: her indigent creditors are in as bad a case, and theirs is a most sad lamentation.

In true or fictitious history we know of no parallel to the financial system of Charles II., unless it be that of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, under which, it will be remembered, "nobody was paid. Not the blacksmith who opened the lock; nor the glazier who mended the pane; nor the jobber who let the carriage; nor the groom who drove it; nor the butcher who provided the leg of mutton; nor the coals which roasted it; nor the cook who basted it; nor the servants who eat it." So it was in the public offices and arsenals of England under the Merry Monarch, who, when the crash came, and the enemy, unopposed, burned his ships and insulted his capital, rushed to arms—yes, to the arms of his mistress; and, whilst the hostile flames threw their lurid light over Chatham, heroically hunted "a poor moth," in the company of Lady Castlemaine and her attendant strumpets.

There are many other points connected with our naval administration, on which the "Diary" gives curious and interesting hints; but their discussion would be apt to lead us too far afield. One, however, the character of the foremost men in its conduct, may well be excepted; and on this Pepys has expressed his opinion with the frankness incidental to his manner of self-communing. Of these men, the most notable was Penn, the father of Penn the Quaker. Sir William Penn, born in 1621, of a respectable family, had been brought up to the sea from his earliest years; whilst still a mere lad was appointed a lieutenant in the king's service; at the age of twenty-three had command of a king's ship; three years later, a commission as rear-admiral; and for twenty years longer continued actively employed by the Parliament or by the king. In the battle off Portland, on February 18, 1653, Penn, as vice-admiral of England, commanded the van; Lawson, in command of the leading division of the centre, was near him; and to the prompt and seamanlike action of these two, and of their respective squadrons, it was entirely owing that the day was not one of great disaster; for Blake,

good and true man as he was, was neither sailor nor tactician, and had as his opponent one of the best and most brilliant the world has seen, whilst the bull-dog courage of Monk was five miles to leeward.\* On the Restoration, Penn was appointed one of the commissioners of the navy, under the lord high admiral, the Duke of York, and as such was one of Pepys's immediate superiors. This appointment he held during the whole time of the "Diary," with the exception of the few months in 1665 when he was serving as captain of the fleet, under the lord high admiral. His conduct in the battle then fought, or rather in the matter of staying the pursuit, did not escape animadversion; but his defence seems honest and valid, that suffering at the time from a violent fit of gout, and exhausted by his work during the day, he had gone to bed and knew nothing about it; he had been also evil spoken of in reference to some prizes which he and Lord Sandwich had permitted to be plundered; but in this the real culprit was the king who had sanctioned it, and most probably made his profit out of it. In such a case, however, dirt stuck to everybody implicated, and Penn had no further command, though he continued to hold office on shore till a few months before his death in 1670.

Such is a fair abstract of Penn's public life. His biographer and descendant, Granville Penn, has considered him one of the most distinguished men of his day; and, without going quite so far as this, it must be admitted that his services were good, and his career respectable. But—and this is the point that now concerns us—Pepys, having daily intercourse with Penn, and writing in his "Diary" his secret thoughts, rarely mentions his name without some expression of hatred or disgust. Penn, he says, is "a rogue," "a counterfeit rogue," "a cunning rogue," "a false rogue," "a very cowardly rogue," "a mean rogue," "a hypocritical rogue;" he is "a coward," "a coxcomb," "a very villain," "the falsest rascal," "as false a fellow as ever was born." On July 1, 1666, he notes: "Though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him, his good service in getting out the fleet being much taken notice of; therefore I

think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him." And again, on February 4, 1667: "To dinner to Sir W. Penn, he inviting me and my wife; and there a pretty good dinner. So here I was mighty merry, and all our differences seemingly blown over; though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not, and I do the like that he hates me." To all this, or as much of it as was then published, Mr. Granville Penn was too furious to reply, except by abusing Pepys; it would have been more to the purpose if he could have given us some account of his great-grandfather's private life, but this he scarcely attempted; and it was left for Mr. Hepworth Dixon to present the old admiral to us in his family relations. The result of this is entirely in Penn's favor, which is borne out by the fact that after thirty years' service, twenty of them in posts of high honor, the last ten under the corrupt administration of Charles, he died a comparatively poor man. It was said that he gave his daughter "Peg," who married Mr. Anthony Lowther, a portion of 15,000*l*. This, says Pepys, is false; he believed that she got 4,000*l*., and the marriage was very quiet—"no friends but two or three relations of his and hers; borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. . . . No music in the morning to call up our new-married people, which is very mean, methinks." And a few days afterwards, February 22, 1667, when he has been dining with Penn—"A sorry dinner, not anything handsome or clean, but some silver plates they borrowed of me;" he concludes—"To bed, talking with my wife of the poorness and meanness of all that Sir W. Penn and the people about us do, compared with what we do." This "meanness" he continually harps on; as on March 20, 1667—"To Sir W. Penn's, where my wife was, and supped with a little, but yet little mirth, and a bad, nasty supper, which makes me not love the family; they do all things so meanly." Pepys himself, though in many ways of an economical turn of mind, was so fond of display that he could form no other interpretation of its being withheld. We would prefer to think that Penn was exercising a prudent, perhaps even a narrow economy, anxious to increase his estate, in view of a promised peerage, the hope of which was rudely cut down by his son becoming a Quaker. But it was not Penn's "meanness" which was his chief fault in Pepys's eyes, though we were left to suppose that if not that, the dislike

\* It may be interesting here to note that Tromp's attack on this day bore a distinct, though rudimentary, likeness to that of Nelson at Trafalgar; and that Penn's saving manoeuvre was that which, undoubtedly, at Trafalgar, Dumanoir ought to have performed, which Nelson had expected and carefully provided against.

was simple jealousy. We now read for the first time, under date March 17, 1666:

This day W. Hewer comes from Portsmouth, and gives me an instance of another piece of knavery of Sir W. Penn, who wrote to Commissioner Middleton, that it was my negligence the other day he was not acquainted, as the Board directed, with our clerks coming down to the pay. But I need no long argument to teach me that he is a false rogue to me and all the world besides.

From which we may judge that the head and front of Penn's offence was that he kept Pepys up to his work, and occasionally ventured even to reprimand him.

Some similar feeling influenced him towards all those who were with, but over him. Lord Brouncker, when he first comes with his patent as first commissioner, is "a modest, civil person," "a worthy man;" but by-and-by is "a very peevish man and very simple," "has an ignoble soul," is "a rotten-hearted false man," "a very weak man," "has a hatred to me in heart." Sir William Batten, the surveyor of the navy, is "a malicious fellow," "has carried himself basely," "like a passionate dotard;" the king is "abused abominably in the price of what we buy, by Sir W. Batten's corruption and underhand dealing;" and up to the very last he retains the ill-will, and writes, February 7, 1665:—

Sir W. Batten, who hath been sick four or five days, is now very bad, so that people begin to fear his death; and I am at a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die, because he is a bad man, or live, for fear a worse should come.

Another of the principal characters in the "Diary," Sir John Minnes, the comptroller, is described as "a mad coxcomb," "a fool," "led by the nose by Batten," "a knave," "a rogue," "a coward," "an old dotard," "a doting fool," who "proclaims himself an ass." If these were serious and correct judgments, all our naval mishaps would be explained; but in fact there is no reason to suppose that they are more than the exercise of an Englishman's fondness of grumbling. Most men grumble to themselves or their friends; Pepys, more politic, grumbled in shorthand to his "Diary," and we now learn the secrets of his little peevish ill-humors, which his contemporaries never suspected. As for Lord Brouncker, he was a man of recognized ability and good repute; though, as the brother of Henry Brouncker, we would not venture too much in his behalf; but Batten and

Minnes were both officers of high rank, who had in their day served with credit. Minnes was old, and may possibly have sometimes given occasion for an unfriendly suspicion of "doting;" but he had, in his day, passed as a wit, and helped in the production of a small volume of verse, which still finds admirers amongst, we presume, the *coprophagi* of literature; and though probably neither he nor Batten rose above the standard of the age, there are no grounds for suspicion that either of them was markedly below it.

Of the other historical personages who pass before us in this wonderful diorama, the most of them take their color from their relations to Pepys himself, or to his patron and cousin, the Earl of Sandwich. The Duke of Albemarle, for instance, is "a dull, heavy man;" is, "as my lord thinks, a thick-skulled fool;" "a most perfidious man, that hath betrayed everybody and the king also;" is, as is said, "become mighty low in all people's opinion;" "is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with." The duchess fares still worse: she was indeed, as is well known, a woman of low birth and no breeding, of bad character and violent temper; but, according to Pepys and Lord Sandwich, she is "dirty Bess," "a damned ill looking woman," "the veriest slut and drudge, and the foulest word that can be spoke of a woman." Coventry, the Duke of York's secretary, is, on the other hand, "a man of excellent discourse;" "I do see more real worth in him than in most men I know;" and though, as a retainer of the duke's, he was no lover, or even a declared enemy, of Lord Sandwich, Pepys maintained the friendship throughout, not without occasional embarrassment; as when he wrote, January 28, 1666, "Lord! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should."

For the duke himself and the king he professes throughout the most unbounded respect—respect which might almost be called servility, were it not often so delightfully tempered by the ludicrous; as when he notes on July 19, 1662, that it was raining hard as the king went down the river in his barge to meet the queen: "but methought it lessened my esteem of a king that he should not be able to command the rain;" or when, on July 26,

1665, he takes a passage in the royal barge, "hearing the king and the duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men." Notwithstanding this, he is very proud when either of them notices him; and duly chronicles that the duke "told us Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new periwig that he did not know him;" or that "the king, seeing me, did come to me, and calling me by name did discourse with me; and this is the first time that ever I knew the king did know me personally;" or even that the Duke of York "did eye my wife mightily," an indication which some men would have considered the reverse of flattering.

Amongst lesser and non-historic characters, the semi-mythical Cocker assumes here an unwonted personality as "the famous writing master" and a skilled engraver, in which capacity Mr. Pepys had occasion to employ him. "I find the fellow," he says, "by his discourse very ingenuous, and among other things a great admirer and well read in all our English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently." And the next day, "Comes Cocker with my rule — my new sliding rule, with silver plates — which he hath engraved to admiration, for goodness and smallness of work: it cost me 14s. the doing, and mighty pleased I am with it." Sir Samuel Morland, too, known to biographical dictionaries for his mechanical ingenuity, and perhaps to a wider public by the somewhat extravagant monuments in Westminster Abbey, on which he has commemorated the virtues of his first two wives in various unknown tongues, so as, according to "The Spectator," not to be understood once in a twelvemonth, is described in the "Diary" as "not so much a fool as I took him to be." He had got a pension of 500*l.* a year settled on him for life, and had not yet developed the uxoriousness which now makes his memory ludicrous, and which afterwards brought him to signal grief; for having buried his second wife in 1680, he was tempted to a third venture, and, as he wrote to Pepys, in February, 1687, married "a very virtuous, pious, and sweet-dispositioned lady, and an heiress, who had 500*l.* per annum in land of inheritance, and 4,000*l.* in ready money, with the interest since nine years, beside a

mortgage upon 300*l.* per annum more, with plate, jewels, etc." So he was led to believe; but within a few days he found out that she was "a coachman's daughter, not worth a shilling, who, about nine months since, was brought to bed of a bastard." After about a year and a half of misery, he was able to get a sentence of divorce against her "for living in adultery for six months past, so that now I am freed from her for life;" but her debts, for which he was liable, and the costs of the suit, were like to give him trouble. We believe he remained satisfied with his experiences of matrimony.

But of all the characters put before us, the most complete is, of course, Samuel Pepys himself. It is almost too complete; for drawn, as it is, by blots and blurs, bold outlines and delicate touches, extending over 2,528 pages, it would be no difficult matter, by picking out separate passages, to show that he was a mean cur, a coward and a sneak, a drunkard and a profligate, chaste and temperate in his life, a warm friend, a loving husband, a hard-working, zealous official, and a true patriot. The fact is that Pepys was, as men go, a very fair sample, of good ability and pleasant manner, certainly industrious, though fond of ease and pleasure, with a large share of vanity, and of no very exalted sense of honor, though in his way conscientious, living in a corrupt age without trying to put it to shame, although keeping clear of its worst excesses. The "Diary," carelessly skimmed, would perhaps give a different impression, for it lays bare, as no other book ever did, the thousand littlenesses of human nature. He has registered in it not only his actions, but his thoughts, many of them very shady thoughts; but in reading of these we ought to bear in mind that, according to all juridical precepts, thoughts, if not carried into actions, are guiltless.

It might at first seem remarkable that a man of such evident vanity should have nowhere given a description of himself. It must be remembered that he was writing for himself, not for posterity, and that for himself he had his looking-glass and the picture painted by Hales in 1666. This, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, is the author of the "Diary;" other pictures painted later in life by Kneller and Walker, are of the sedate official, or the president of the Royal Society, in the full dignity of a flowing periwig. Beyond these we have no guide to his personal appearance. Even his height may be disputed. He has indeed noted that he



easily stood under the arm of the tall woman in Holborn, and that she, without shoes, was just six feet five inches high. This, it may be fairly calculated, would make Pepsy about five feet two inches. But the "Diary" does not give us the idea of a very little man; rather of a man somewhat below the middle size; and six feet five inches is scarcely a height which would entitle a woman to be exhibited. We think, therefore, that there is here some mistake, and that Evelyn is more likely right when he says that this woman was six feet ten inches, which would allow a man of five feet seven or eight inches to stand under her arm. The woman, when on show, of course wore high-heeled shoes, but so also, in all probability, did Mr. Pepsy.

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From Temple Bar.

#### A LITTLE BOHEMIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY QUEEN," "AULD ROBIN GRAY," ETC.

#### PART I.

THE Dowager Countess of Belminster is "at home." She is sitting in a wicker-work chair under a big tree, in front of her ancient and shabby old house, receiving the county, or rather those of the county who are able to boast that their names are written on her visiting-list, and are in possession of a meagre little bit of pasteboard that announces that Lady Belminster is "at home" the last Thursday in every month.

Around her are gathered a few of the elect — those who flatter themselves, or are flattered by her into the belief that they are numbered among her most intimate friends. Others are wandering about on the grass, or sitting in groups under the trees; farther off a few, braver than their neighbors, or more energetic in the pursuit of pleasure, are playing lawn-tennis on a patch of grass smoother-shaven than the rest, reckless of the bright June sunshine, of burnt skins, and possible sunstroke.

The entertainment is of the slightest. A little weak tea, poured out by Lady Belminster's niece — a young woman past her prime, who, being of good birth and poor — hopelessly poor — who having failed in accomplishing woman's highest destiny, being too grand to work, too proud to beg, fills the position of an unpaid companion — a little stale sponge

cake, and thin bread-and-butter, handed about by a powdered footman in a threadbare livery, are all the refreshments; lawn-tennis (on the worst ground in the county), conversation, and Lady Belminster herself, all the amusements. And yet more people come to her "at homes" than to any others in the county.

For this little old lady in a plain stuff gown, with a face so interlined with wrinkles that it looks like a bad engraving, and nothing but a pair of bright black eyes to make the tradition that she was once a famous beauty, about whom gossiping tongues were not altogether idle, in any way credible, is a power in the land.

Not because of her rank — there is a greater than she, three or four miles off, Lady Eleanor Gore Layton, a duchess's daughter, and a handsome woman into the bargain; not because of her wealth — there is a millionaire's wife who keeps open house and gives entertainments of lavish profusion, hard by; but because of her keen wit and her sharp tongue. The wit finds out all the loose joints in her neighbors' armor; the tongue stabs straight into them, seldom sparing rich or poor, great or small. To be in Lady Belminster's good graces is to hold for the moment a secure position in the society of Creamshire.

Women fawn on her because they fear her. Men pay court to her because she has for them the greatest of all attractions — she is amusing. She calls a spade a spade, and flavors her conversation with the spice of her neighbors' sins.

At the present moment her attention, and consequently the attention of the little circle around her, is fixed on a man who is sitting with his arms crossed carelessly on the back of a chair and facing her.

He is young — thirty, or thereabouts — good to look at, and new — all great attractions in Lady Belminster's eyes. To be ugly, or wearisome, are, to her, the unpardonable sins; and he is enduring the catechism through which she is putting him, with an amused good-humor which is very acceptable to her.

"So you have come home at last to settle down," she says, nodding her old head approvingly at him. "That's right! We want some new blood. We are getting old fogies" (looking about her with a comprehensive glance that makes her friends wince in their shoes), "and horribly dull."

"You are never dull, Lady Belminster,"



says a pretty little faded woman with a sweet smile. "You are always lively and amusing."

"It must be five years or more since I have seen you," she goes on, altogether ignoring this little complimentary interruption. "How long is it since your father died? Two years?"

"Yes, two years," he answers, and there is not the faintest shadow on his face to show that the remembrance is a tender one. Is he not perfectly well aware that every one of these women, sitting with curious eyes fixed on his face, knows as well as he does that he—Cecil Annesley—quarrelled with his father five years ago, and has never been home since?"

"You and he did not hit it off, eh?" Lady Belminster goes on with the outspoken candor for which she is famous. "Parents ought to order their children, like they do their coats or their dresses, to their own pattern, and refuse to pay for them if they don't fit. But why did you not come home when the place was your own?"

"I was amusing myself abroad. I put it off from time to time, forgetting how amusing you were in Creamshire," he answers, smiling unflinchingly under this fire of questions.

"Amusing yourself? Eh! eh! We know!" (nodding her head and looking straight at the rector's wife, who is sitting at her right hand and trying to look rigidly proper and unconscious). "We read all about these things in the *Universe*, don't we, Mrs. Dunlop? In my days there were no society papers. If we talked about how young men amused themselves we did it on the sly. Now we put the papers on our drawing-room tables, and discuss with our children how Tom Jones has run away with his neighbor's wife."

"Come, come, Lady Belminster!" says Captain Annesley, laughing. "I have not run away with my neighbor's wife. He is quite welcome to her as far as I am concerned."

"That's a good thing—for your neighbor!" (with the wicked little laugh which all her friends know so well). "Fix your affections on legitimate objects, Captain Annesley. There are plenty of them about here."

Her eyes—those terrible eyes—wander with a lightning glance from one marriageable woman to another: a glance so swift and yet so keen that each one feels ready to sink into the ground with shame. Finally they light on her niece,

presiding a few paces off at the little tea-table.

"There's Adela" (with a little jerk of her head in her direction, in a perfectly audible aside). "You might do worse; a little old, I allow, but plenty of good blood in her veins. No money—but that does not matter to you—you have enough for both. She was a handsome girl a little while ago—a trifle *passé*—but what does that matter? We all get *passé* a year or two after marriage."

"She not only was, but *is* very handsome," says Cecil Annesley mendaciously, being perfectly certain that Lady Belminster's victim can hear every word. "But my thoughts are not set on matrimony. I only came home to see after things a bit, and then I shall probably tire of country life, and be off again somewhere."

"Pooh, pooh! stuff and nonsense! A man with a fine estate like yours owes a duty to society which he is bound to consider before himself. Look at the younger sons who marry every day and burden themselves with children they can't support, while you, the last of your family, talk about wandering off, heaven knows where, and shutting up one of the best houses in the county! Fie!" (shaking an autocratic old finger at him) "stay at home and be sociable—and do your duty in that state of life—Eh?"

"Unto which it has pleased God to call you," says the rector's wife, finishing the quotation.

There is a twinkle of mischief in the young man's handsome grey eyes.

"What would be the good of one's friends' misfortunes," he says gravely, "unless one profited by them? I am bound to say that the majority of my married friends, the majority of those piquant little paragraphs in the society papers you talk of, point but one moral—don't get married!"

"And what is the reason?" cries Lady Belminster in her shrill voice, waving her big black fan in the air and warming to the combat. "Young men of the present day fall in love with the first pretty face they meet and—marry it! They are mighty particular over the pedigree of their horses and their dogs; but their wives—it is not until it is too late that they remember that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. Half the women one meets in society nowadays never had a grandfather."

One or two of Lady Belminster's dearest friends writhe uneasily in their chairs,

and try to smile amusedly at Lady Belminster's wit; but Annesley's attention is wandering.

"Marry a woman of whose birth and antecedents you know something, my dear Captain Annesley," cries the old lady, mounted on her pet hobby-horse, giving the young man an admonitory tap with her fan. "And though her face may not simper at you out of the shop windows, though you may not be entertained and gratified by reading in your paper how she supped at the Orleans Club with royalty over-night—at least you will not wake up one fine morning to find that she has run away with your dearest friend. Take the advice of an old woman of the world!"

And then it becomes evident to her, evident to all those who are looking on, that as far as Captain Annesley is concerned, the advice of the old woman of the world is thrown away—he has not even heard it.

His eyes are fixed on a group of people strolling about on the grass some few yards distant, a group of which one girl is the centre—a girl so strikingly pretty that she could scarcely pass unnoticed in any London crowd, much less in this Creamshire assembly, with whose faces he has become so dearly familiar in three short weeks.

"Who is she?" he asks, with some interest. "I do not remember her. Is she one of the children grown up, or is she new to these parts?"

Lady Belminster does not answer. She seems not to hear. But she waits with a little gleam of mischief in her bright old eyes to hear what her friends will say.

"She is a Miss Browne," says one at last, in the tone of one who grudgingly admits even so much acquaintance.

"Miss Trevor Browne," says the rector's wife, with a closer compression of her thin lips; "the daughter of a Captain Trevor Browne—"

"Militia," interposes a lady, whose husband is in the army.

"Who claims relationship—fourth, fifth, or sixth cousin—to Lord Trevor. I think" (with a little laugh) "Lord Trevor would find it difficult to tell you which."

"Trevor Browne!" says Annesley, raking his memory. "I don't seem to remember the name. I suppose they are new-comers in the county."

There is a moment's pause, then Mrs. Seton, the member's wife, takes up the tale.

"I think," she says, with a little deprecating smile, "they can hardly be said to belong to the county at all. Captain Browne has taken that little place by the wood—Ivy Lodge isn't it called?—that Colonel Drummond used sometimes as a shooting-box. But I fancy they are people who never stay long in any place: here to-day, and gone to-morrow, leaving nothing but a legacy of debt behind them."

"Is it possible," asks a girl, more outspoken than the rest, who have only courage to damn with faint dispraise, "that you have not come across Captain Browne? Swell-out-of-luck sort of man—dyed hair, pinched-in waist, always hanging about the doors of the hotels in Dilchester, drinking brandy and soda or playing billiards; has the reputation of too good luck at *écarté*, Bob says!"

"The girl is very pretty," says Annesley, unwisely forgetting the nature of his audience.

"And very bad style," says Adela Dent, Lady Belminster's niece, who has risen from the tea-table and joined the group. "They say she smokes cigarettes, and is as fond of brandy and soda as her father. I have seen her driving alone in Dilchester in that wretched little trap, without any gloves, and talking to all the officers, and—and going on."

She is getting incoherent. Annesley laughs.

"Which was the sin? the want of gloves or the talking to officers?" he asks lightly.

"She is not a girl I care to talk about" (subsiding into dignity).

"And yet," says Annesley, a little pointedly, "she is your aunt's guest?"

"Dear Lady Belminster is so good to every one," says Mrs. Seton, with her soft smile. "If she had not taken her up, I am sure that *no one* would have visited the poor girl. She does it out of pure charity."

"Out of pure defiance of every one and everything," says Miss Dent, *sotto voce*, relying on her aunt's deafness.

"Neither the one nor the other!" cries Lady Belminster, jumping out of her chair so energetically that she startles her surroundings. "I do it as I do everything else—because it amuses me. The girl is clever, and pretty, and young. Gracious me! my good folks, have we so many pretty young people among us that we can afford to turn our backs on any of them? Come with me, Captain Annesley! As you admire Miss Browne, I will

introduce you to her. You shall judge for yourself whether she is as black as they paint her."

She looks about her, as she moves away, with a little smile of delighted malice.

A moment ago she had not an idea of flinging the most agreeable and eligible man in the county straight into the jaws of the prettiest and most ineligible girl. But the idea having once occurred to her, to dismay and disgust her friends is an irresistible temptation.

"Those people are spiteful," she says with a little backward jerk of her head in their direction almost before she and Annesley are out of earshot. "They hate a woman who is younger and prettier than themselves; but, all the same, there is some truth in what they say. The man is a cad, an old *roué*, who lives on what he can pick up, and is not very particular where and how he picks it up. Between ourselves, I do not know that I should have noticed the girl, but that they all of them turned their backs on her."

"At any rate that shows you are kinder than they are," says Annesley, wondering whether this old woman really has a heart somewhere under her thick coating of worldliness and malicious wit.

"My dear fellow" (laying a wrinkled old hand on his coat-sleeve), "when you have lived as long as I have, you will not be in such a hurry to believe in people's kindness. My motives are like every one's else—selfish. Mrs. This or Mrs. That—people who have no assured position of their own—could not afford to take up a girl of whom no one knows anything, and of whom doubtful things are said. I may take up whom I please, and drop them again to-morrow. No one will quarrel with *me*, or cut *me*" (with her little laugh). "So you see I do myself no harm. On the other hand, I amuse myself. The girl is pretty and bright, and I have taken a fancy to her. The father is an old scoundrel, without doubt, but he is an amusing scoundrel who has knocked about the world, and has more to say for himself in five minutes than all these good Creamshire people have in an hour."

"They had plenty to say about Miss Browne," says Annesley, laughing.

"Plenty that may be true or may not," says the old woman, with a quick glance from her sharp eyes. "Daisy Browne seems good and innocent enough; but I answer for no one. She comes of a bad stock. Flirt with her if you like, but

whatever you do, do not fall in love with her!"

"I think I have had enough of falling in love to last me my life," says Annesley, bitterly, knowing that Lady Belminster remembers his story.

But she only shakes her head and laughs—that laugh of hers which conveys such an infinity of disbelief in all things and all men; and two or three paces bring them face to face with Miss Browne.

She is the centre of a little group of men—one or two of the officers from the neighboring garrison town, two or three of the sons of the county families, who evidently do not share the prejudices of their mammas. It is plain that she is popular among men, if not among women.

Captain Annesley's eyes rest upon her with a good deal of interest as Lady Belminster introduces him, not only because he has heard her so sharply criticised, but because in the few short weeks in which he has tried to settle down as a country gentleman—tried by way of duty to renew old acquaintances and friendships—he has grown so terribly weary of all the well-known faces, faces that have but grown five years older since he turned his back upon them, people who never have, never will break through the dull level of utter commonplaceness which is the recognized standard of Creamshire perfection.

His first thought is, naturally enough, that she is very pretty, prettier even than he had fancied. His second is one of surprise—she is beautiful (*that* even the women who seem to have made themselves her enemies would scarcely deny); but her beauty is, above all and before all, the beauty of perfect innocence and unsullied freshness.

Her skin, fair and soft and spotless, has the unrenewable bloom of extreme youth and untainted purity. Her eyes, blue as meadow-flower, have the clear, bright freshness, the absolute fearlessness of a little child's. He has not been five minutes in her company before he discovers that her manner is frank too, and outspoken to a fault. He has not been ten minutes before he is ready to swear that the women who have spoken—or, worse than spoken, hinted—things against her have maligned her cruelly.

It is impossible to look into those clear eyes, that baby face, and believe that the girl's life has held anything to conceal.

He watches her critically enough as she talks to Lady Belminster, acknowledging the introduction to himself with a

little frank smile, and a bow that is more like a nod. Bad style is she? For his part he would be inclined to say that her manner, altogether lacking the subserviency with which the other women show their fear of Lady Belminster's unsparing tongue, has just that graceful courtesy which is so pretty from a young woman to an old one—is in fact all that it should be. Lady Belminster's manner to her too is altogether different from that which she keeps for her dear friends. It is evident that, deservedly or undeservedly, the girl is one of her favorites.

By-and-by, as chance has it, or because Annesley contrives it, Lady Belminster moves on—Miss Browne's admirers following in her train—and he and she are left a little behind.

Then for the first time she turns her pretty blue eyes and her attention on him, and though there is not a particle of shyness in her manner and bearing, he discovers in a moment that there is not an atom of the under-bred coquetry which might naturally be expected from the girl who is such bad style that Lady Belminster's niece does not care to talk about her.

"You have just returned from abroad, have you not, Captain Annesley?" she says with that bright frank look which is one of her greatest charms. "And you have been away five years—five whole years! You see" (smiling) "I know all about you. That is one of the advantages of living in Creamshire: every one knows everything about every one else."

"It is one of the advantages I could dispense with," says Cecil Annesley, smiling too, but a little grimly. "I am afraid that knocking about too long abroad unfits one for appreciating the peculiar blessings of country life."

She looks at him with grave astonishment. He has yet to learn that she is matter-of-fact to a fault.

"You do not like Creamshire? I thought that *all* English people swear by their native land—that, rightly or wrongly, you were all of you prepared to stick to it that there are no ways, no people, no trees and hedges and ditches like those among which you were born."

"All of you?" he repeats. "Are not *you* English? I will stick to it, if you like, that no other country could lay claim to you."

In his heart he thinks no other country could have produced so fair a woman, but somehow he refrains from the compliment.

"We have no country—we are vaga-

bonds, my father and I, wanderers on the face of the earth," answers the girl; "here to-day and gone to-morrow. We are English by birth—yes, I suppose we must be English in that way—but we have no home, we never had one that I can remember. I thought it would be pleasant to come to England, and live in a country place—but I do not know" (with a little smile that is half a sigh) "that we are not more at home anywhere than we are here."

"Then *you* are not in love with Creamshire," says Annesley, smiling.

"Say that Creamshire is not in love with us—it will be more honest!" answers the girl quickly.

"Creamshire must have very bad taste," he says politely, somewhat taken aback by her candor and driven into compliment.

"Creamshire is not to blame; it only acts on the universal principle, do good unto those who can do good unto you." Creamshire is conservative, strictly conservative, and we are Bohemians, father and I" (looking straight at him with her clear blue eyes), "Bohemians, of whom they know nothing—people who live from hand to mouth—people who wander about like the gipsies—who may be, like the gipsies, very good company for an hour or a day, but who never could be by any chance ranked among county society."

For a moment Annesley does not answer; he has been knocked about the world a good bit, and under such circumstances that most of the nonsense is knocked out of him. And yet, after all, he is an Englishman—a Creamshire man brought up to draw a very clear line between people in society and people out of it—and the girl's outspoken avowal gives him, or the prejudices born in him, a cold shock. All men are generous where a pretty woman is concerned. If all the matrons and spinsters in the county had said of her all the hard things which she has said of herself, he would have been ready to take her part against them all. He is, in fact, burning to take her part against herself. He has only known her a few minutes and yet it is curiously distasteful to him to hear her, with lips fresh and pure as the lips of a child-angel, honestly avowing herself outside the ranks among which he was born and must live and die—the ranks of respectable, visitable English people.

His hesitation, his silence are but momentary, and yet they do not escape

Daisy's eyes, and her face grows a shade colder.

"Do you not know," he says jestingly, and yet a good bit in earnest, "that to be Lady Belminster's friend—and you are one of her favorites it is evident—is to take highest rank in the county? She is our high priestess, and we all swear by her."

"Lady Belminster is capricious, and I am one of her caprices for the moment," answers the girl coldly. "If she had not known how it vexed all the other women, I do not suppose she would have noticed me at all."

Then her face suddenly softens—that fair child-face that does not seem capable of concealing a thought.

"I am wrong! I am ungrateful! She has been good to me. I think" (smiling) "I almost love her! She is the one person who has held out the right hand of fellowship to us, the only one in all Creamshire whom I can call my friend!"

In a moment all Annesley's doubts and prejudices are thrown to the winds. That innocent baby-face bears a stronger testimony for her than a thousand women's tongues—her own included—could bear against her.

"You shall not say that for long," he says impetuously, carried out of himself. "At least it shall not be my fault if you do." Then he goes on less eagerly and yet looking at her very earnestly. "Do you know, an hour ago I was looking forward drearily enough to the prospect of a summer passed here. I am almost as much of a stranger in my own land as you are, and I live in a big empty house all by myself. If you and your father" (the father is a lucky afterthought) "will but take pity on me, I shall at least have some near neighbors, whose talk is not mainly Creamshire gossip, whose ideas are not bounded by the very narrow limits of their own small county."

Daisy looks straight at him with her lovely, honest eyes—and smiles.

"You do not know my father yet," she says quietly.

But though her words are not very encouraging, there is nothing repellant either in her voice or manner, and from that moment Cecil Annesley throws aside all his natural British reserve and sets himself to please her. From that moment he is, I think, in truth her friend.

"No, I do not know him yet," he answers, "but I shall." (In his heart he remembers Lady Belminster's warning.)

"If he be the vilest cad that ever walked

this earth, I will pretend to like him," he vows to himself.

The June afternoon is waning. The long shadows from the old trees lie all athwart the grass; sweet scents come from the trim, old-fashioned flower-garden; a little soft air blows in their faces; the whole earth seems bathed in the glory and radiance of summer. Most of the days of this June have been fair enough, but Cecil Annesley has not particularly noticed whether they have been wet or fine; side by side with this pretty girl, under the thick-leaved summer trees, the beauty and the sweetness of the evening seem part of her presence.

He is a young man yet, and, in spite of reason and experience, passionate and impulsive. Though he is apt to tell his friends and himself that, having made such a mess of it once, he has done with love forever, love has not done with him. The quick pulses of youth and summer-time throb in his veins, and love at first sight, as some men count love, is not impossible when a girl is so pretty as Daisy Browne. For she is very pretty. Each lingering glance—noted and scored against him by the onlookers—confirms the impression, and her beauty has the great additional attraction of a surprise.

Had he come across her in a fashionable crowd he would have admired her without doubt—it seems to him no man could fail to do that—and have passed her by. Coming across her here in Creamshire when he has long ago renewed acquaintance with every familiar face—long ago made up his mind that not one of them is likely to tempt him back to the folly of love—is like finding a jewel in a haycock!

The afternoon passes, and the time approaching when it is the custom for Lady Belminster's guests to depart still finds Annesley loitering by Daisy's side. Evidently he is making the most of his opportunity, evidently he is judging for himself, as Lady Belminster suggested, whether she is as black as she was painted.

The Creamshire maidens and matrons still congregated round their hostess watch them furtively from under the lace of their parasols, or strolling to and fro pass them with half-averted eyes.

The Creamshire fathers, such few of them as have come in towards the end of the entertainment, think of the fatted calves they have killed in Annesley's honor, the good dinners they, at their wives' instigation, have thrown away on him. Their daughters—innocent and



fat, redolent of native cream and much bread and butter, or worn and thin, harassed by fruitless London campaigns, as the case may be—are nowhere. This undesirable daughter of a most undesirable father has made more way in Annesley's liking in a couple of hours than they in three weeks!

But Annesley himself is absolutely indifferent, absolutely unconscious, I think, of watching eyes.

For the first time for many summer days he realizes as matter of feeling as well as of theory, that it is a good thing to be alive to be young, to have the best part of his life before him instead of behind him.

He is talking to her of himself—pleasant enough theme when a pretty woman will listen—of his wanderings for the last two years since he has left the army and had money enough to go where he listed, of his loneliness—he is in the seventh heaven of content when Daisy herself, with a few commonplace words, brings him back to earth—to Creamshire.

"There is my father," she says quietly, breaking into the midst of an unfinished speech. "He has come to take me home."

And Annesley looks across the grass at the man coming towards them, and realizes in a moment that he is all, and more, than they have said of him.

He is a man who looks near seventy—by reason of hard living—probably is not in reality more than sixty; a man who bears in every line of his well-featured face the sort of cunning, plausible roguery that makes a steady-going, honest British householder feel inclined to button up his pockets at his very approach.

He is well dressed enough. His well-cut coat, his curly-brimmed hat, are probably from Bond Street—unpaid for. But his coat is squeezed in at the waist, and buttoned up across the chest, and his hat is tilted over one eye in a way no Englishman affects on a summer afternoon on an English lawn. He is a man whom one would naturally expect to see loafing about on racecourses, loitering at the doors of second-class billiard-rooms, laying his last napoleon on the green cloth at Monaco, smoking a cigarette at the bar of a third-rate hotel and leering at the barmaid—anywhere, everywhere, rather than on this respectable Creamshire lawn of a respectable Creamshire house.

He comes towards them with a jaunty gait, a beaming and effusive smile, that are eminently distasteful to Captain An-

nesley. But Daisy is near him—Daisy's eyes are upon him, and he does not wince—does not, as far as he knows, show by one muscle of his face anything but the polite and quiet indifference with which one stranger encounters another.

"Daisy, my love, introduce me! Delighted to meet you, Captain Annesley! The introduction is mere matter of form—I know you already! We all know you! That is the charm of a little country place like this—we all know each other. And you—by Jove! now I think of it—you are our nearest neighbor! Is he not, my love?"

"In the sense in which the people in the lodge may be counted as neighbors to those in the castle—yes," says Daisy, in her quiet, matter-of-fact way, while Annesley tries to stammer out something about the great pleasure it gives him to make Captain Trevor Browne's acquaintance. "In no other sense can we count as Captain Annesley's neighbors."

She separates herself a little from her companion as she speaks, and goes over to her father's side; and Annesley notes the action, trifling as it seems. He racks his brains for just the right thing to say—something that shall be very warm and friendly without having the slightest flavor of patronage—something that shall please the father and not displease the daughter; but while he is hesitating Captain Browne speaks again and saves him the trouble.

"We could not have failed to come across each other before," he goes on, his warmth unquenched by the cold water of his daughter's little speech, "but I have been away for a few weeks—Derby—Ascot—few days in town. A man of the world could not exist in a place like this without his little amusements, and while I am away my daughter shuts herself up and goes nowhere—feeds the chickens, milks the cows, and that sort of innocent thing. She is just cut out for a country life."

He turns on her a smile which he means to be fatherly and affectionate, but which, from a long course of leering, is a leer and nothing more. And Annesley feels as if he should like to knock him down.

"I should imagine that Miss Browne is fitted for any sort of life," he says with a glance that is ten times more respectful because he pities her from the bottom of his heart for having such a father.

But Daisy does not give back glance for glance. She seems altogether a dif-



ferent Daisy from the one who was chatting to him so freely a few minutes ago.

"The people are all going, father," she says, touching his arm. "Come, we must say good-bye to Lady Belminster!"

"Under orders, you see," says Captain Browne jauntily; "well I hope you will drop in and see us, Annesley. We are wanderers, my daughter and I. It is but a little place where we have pitched our tent, but —"

"It is a cottage," interrupts Daisy bluntly, "and we are poor people. I am sure that there is nothing we can offer to amuse Captain Annesley."

The father waives aside this little piece of unnecessary honesty with a bland smile.

"My daughter is candid — candid to a fault," he says airily. "Unfortunately it is true — my money is spent, yours is yet to spend. But, my love, Captain Annesley is a man of the world, and understands all that. Though I am not a rich man, yet a good cigar, a game of *écarté* —"

"I am sure that Captain Annesley hates cards. Cards on summer evenings such as these — the very idea is horrible! I" — (hesitating) "I think you said you never played, did you not?"

Annesley looks up, just in time to intercept a glance that is not by any means loving from the father to the daughter, and finds the blue eyes fixed on him with a half-shamed, half-wistful entreaty.

If he tells the truth he rather fancies himself at *écarté*. He used to be considered one of their crack players in the — th, but at the request of those lovely eyes he straightway perjures himself.

"I am the worst player in the world," he says laughingly, "and for a couple of years I have hardly touched a card. One does not do much of that sort of thing abroad; but I will certainly drop in and smoke a cigar if you will let me."

And so they part. Captain Browne extends a friendly and tightly-gloved hand, Daisy gives him a grateful look, and Annesley turns away so strongly divided between two opinions that he hardly knows which is uppermost.

"Well, was I right?" asks Lady Belminster, with a mischievous smile, as he bids her good-bye two minutes later.

"That such a daughter should have such a father!" says Annesley, irritably. "It is abominable!"

"That such a father should have such a daughter!" retorts Lady Belminster,

with her wicked laugh. "It is dangerous!"

"I don't see the danger," says Annesley, a little coldly. "At any rate the father is a pretty strong antidote to the daughter."

The old lady looks for a moment half wistfully up into the handsome face.

"There, there," she says, after a moment's hesitation. "Who ever took an old woman's advice? I will not give you any of mine."

"Don't," says Annesley, laughing.

Most of Lady Belminster's guests depart in carriages of one sort or another. The "little trap," which is the only vehicle Captain Trevor Browne and his daughter can boast, is not fit to make its appearance among its grander neighbors.

They are trudging home through the dusty highways on foot.

Captain Browne's company smile and company voice are laid aside. They are kept for grand occasions, not for ordinary wear. The look in his washed-out, blood-shot eyes — once perhaps blue and honest as Daisy's own — is not good to see. The tone of his quavering, high-pitched voice is not pleasant to hear. But it is evident that his daughter is not unused to either look or tone.

"Let him come if he likes," she answers, unmoved by the somewhat forcible language in which Captain Browne has expressed his feelings. "But he shall not come under false pretences. I" (with a little smile) "have taken care of that!"

The girl is altogether loyal to her father — too loyal for her own good — and the father knows it. From the day when she was taken from school to share his vagabond life she has ranged herself on his side, accepting his debts and difficulties as hers, his scrapes, his dishonor as hers — accepting him just as he is; making herself one with him, as a good wife does a bad husband. But though she knows pretty well what his life is — cannot fail to know by this time — she has never by word or deed or look aided him in it, and never will.

And the father knows what to expect, and very seldom allows himself to come in contact with her sturdy, down-right honesty, as he has done to-day. But to-day it is not altogether wonderful that he is vexed. He sees other women striving to show themselves in the best possible light to attract a man like Annesley. He sees his own daughter persistently show.

ing herself in the worst possible light to him, and to all men.

"If you cannot be decently civil to a man yourself," he breaks out again, "why the devil cannot you let him alone? What is it to *you* whether he plays cards or not? Are you afraid" (mockingly) "that the poor boy will lose his money?"

"It is nothing to me," she answers resolutely, "whether he loses or wins. It is everything to me that *you* should not lose money you cannot pay—or worse," (flushing a little) "perhaps win too much. Oh, father! Are we not shamed enough already? Must our shame follow us even here?"

The blue eyes that Annesley admired so much have a very pitiful look in them now, but the father turns away from them. He was a gentleman once, remember. Perhaps it is to his credit that he cannot, under the circumstances, look into his daughter's eyes. For a few moments he walks on in silence, viciously switching off the heads of the flowers with his little cane.

"We live in a cottage, we are poor people," he goes on presently, mimicking his daughter's voice. "Cannot you understand that it matters very little if a man be rich or poor? Annesley is on the same level as ourselves. He is a gentleman and we —"

"And we?" she interrupts. "Oh father, *what* are we? *What* are we?"

But the question goes unanswered. They are at the little garden gate, and he flings away from her with a muttered oath, and strides into the house alone.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### OVERBURY'S CHARACTERS.

THOMAS HARMAN'S Caveat for "Common Cursetors vulgarly called Vagabones," 1567, dedicated, as Warton thought with singular impropriety, to the Countess of Shrewsbury, is the earliest book of characters published in our language. The "red-lattice phrases," and "bold-beating oaths," for which Falstaff reproved Pistol, are found in abundance among the coney-catching rascals and thieves, there described with the coarse slang cleaving to the pages, under such vagabondish titles as a "prygger of prauuncers," a "demaunder for glymmmer." This was soon followed by a tract containing similar characters, called "The Fraternitey of Vacabondes." In 1614 Sir

Thomas Overbury's "Wife" was published, along with "many witty characters," advertised as having been "written by himselfe and other learned gentlemen, his friends." Wood, the Oxford biographer, supposed that to be the fourth or fifth edition, but it is the earliest that can be found in our libraries, and it contained twenty-one character sketches, while an edition appeared in 1622 having no less than eighty, and in 1631 a Mr. J. Cocke was "enforced to claime" the authorship of three. Overbury's characters so caught the humors of the time, that essays after the same quaint style were showered from the press, many being avowedly in his "same manner;" and at least fifty volumes of characters on all possible subjects were written by dukes, baronets, rectors, and gentlemen and scribblers between 1615 and 1700.

Of all these productions not one approaches our author's except it is Bishop Earle's "Microcosmography," 1628, which Hallam preferred, and thought worthy of comparison with La Bruyère. Overbury was widely popular in his day. His spirit kindled kindred spirits. His originality of tone and treatment; his graphic delineation; the Dutch-like pictures, the neat sentences pointed to an apophthegm, or rounded with a witticism, found the truest test that admiration can take, that of imitation. But in after years the tide of popularity quite turned. Even those authors who delight in the quaint beauty and the picturesque prose of our old writers, seem to have no knowledge of him. Johnson preserves an ominous silence when we mention the author of "the unmatched Pceme, the Wife." Of all the lovers of character and the sweet old prose, Charles Lamb, who was charmed with Kit Marlowe's luscious smoothness, "beds of roses, buckles of gold" style, knows not our author by name; and among De Quincey's curious essays, and more curious footnotes, we have in vain searched for evidence that he knew of him. Even Macaulay does not make mention of his name or his writings. Others are acquainted with Overbury only to depreciate him; stately Hallam pats the knight with a mild reference, and dismisses his characters with a Gerard Dow comparison. He appears to us to deserve a better fate, and his "characters" live before us in a very real manner. Country and domestic life, courtier life, the duns, the whims and fashions of contemporary manners, are etched in his pages with poetic imagery, a rare if sometimes coarse

skill, and a graphic veracity which make them still worthy of notice, and may reward the reader who loves characteristic bits of old manners set in quaintly vivid phraseology.

The harlequin without the mask is a grave man, and our author's life is one of the saddest in our unwritten English tragedies. In 1581 he was born in Warwickshire, and on reaching manhood he shone in the fatal light of a courtier. His popularity for a time at court occasioned poetic homage from Ben Jonson, who, by desire, read his "Wife" to Sir Philip Sidney's daughter, he being "in love with her," and so well did Ben Jonson execute the delicate commission that "he praised the author to her." To students of history Overbury is well known as the subject of "The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury," he being treacherously poisoned on September 15, 1613, and buried in the Tower of London, where many brave men lie. His death he owed to a too perfect knowledge of the character of the earl's wife, and his having spoken of her after a plain but truthful manner in order that he might "affectionately and solemnly" induce his friend not to marry the unworthy woman. The accusation could not fail to rouse the deadly enmity of her whose life he correctly described; and like many outspoken men in "these good old times" he met with an untimely death for having with a sincere and praiseworthy motive spoken the truth, unpalatable though it was, against an earl's daughter whom his earl friend loved and married. His epitaph in the light of events is that, however well, he spoke not wisely.

We accept two of his definitions of what a character is: "To square out a character by our English levell, it is a picture (reall or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing." "It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one muscally close: it is wits descant on any plaine song."

In no effort does he seem to us to write so easily and well, with a heart music and with generous and touching sentiment, as in his characters of country life. An idyllic charm hangs over them; the air and all the surroundings are clear as summer; the fancy which Overbury lavished over a milkmaid or a country yeoman was as generous as it is bright with a true and manly goodness. His "Faire and happy Milk-mayd" is the most ex-

quisite portrait of its kind in our language, and one now wonders not that Queen Elizabeth, as Walton tells us, desired to be a milkmaid all May that she might sing all day long and sleep sound at night. Its airy fancy, the idiomatic English slipping together to the music which such a fair character evokes within us, the delightful ease and honest simplicity of both the maid and the style, with the lovely goodness of the portrait, and the genial tone of the sweet pastoral, run straight for our heart, where it lodges forever. As a piece of word-painting, so short and complete, it would be difficult to excel it. She who was "deckt in innocency, a far better wearing," in "straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk presse makes the milk whiter or sweeter," and "the golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when she reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoner by the same hand that fell'd them." "She is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones." And revelling in the dainty sweets of his rich fancy, we are not unprepared for the well-known concluding sentence, "Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet." Could more effect be produced on the short canvas with so few unmixed colors? Alongside it should be placed the yeoman—our author terms him "a Franklin"—as a picture of the olden times and olden manners, who is not inquisitive "after newes derived from the privie closet, when the finding an eiery of hawkes in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable." Again, the character of the sexton is pleasantly touched with a picturesque glimpse of the village, as seen from the churchyard. He lives in the churchyard more than the village, "for at every church stile, commonly ther's an ale-house;" next to a grave he is familiar with the ale-house, as "he will hold argument in a taverne over such, till the diall & himselfe be both at a stand;" and the only time he observes is the sermon time, "and then he sleepes by the houre-glasse." It was only in the company of this delightful trio that our author ventured afield out of the city for sketches; and it certainly is with them that we find his satiric humor toned into mellow sympathy. The charm and flexible style of these three exquisitely drawn characters belong to the true pastoral,

each bit of fancy coming as naturally to the loyal son of "the heart of England" as flowers grow along its hedgerows. It is here that his master hand is made visible above all his imitators; none of them were possessed of genuine sympathy with and admiration for those characters of the pasture lands and towns of England. Bishop Earle never trusted himself on any country characters but a country knight and a plain country fellow, which only showed a city man's attempt at understanding country men. So equally balanced are the poetic fancies of Overbury's style, and the generous thoughts of the man, that one is puzzled which to admire most.

His style wins our approval as we get accustomed to the old phrases, the forms of accent, the catchwords, the exquisite touch of the Saxon language turned to the tone of old music. Beneath the workmanship there lie, in a few by-words, delicate glimpses into the manners of the time which point its meaning to adorn a phrase, and are as purple patches on a beadsman's gown. The touch is light with laughter, and at times tinged with cutting satire. Bits of genuine information lift the characters out from the ideal, and clothe them in the old quaint garments of the period. A country gentleman went to court in yellow stockings, and "learned to kisse his hand & make a legge both together;" a fine gentleman, "lest he should take fidlers unprovided, whistles his owne galliard." An "Innes of Court man," with his silk stockings and beaver hat, "laughs at every man whose band sits not well or that hath not a faire shoe-tie;" and a fencer "his foile, and his doublet, weare not out above two buttons," whom "the Lord Mayor's triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish." And the hypocritical timeserver is delightfully portrayed in the words: "He reads the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes," — *i.e.* attached to the girdle, which was not uncommon at the author's time. He describes another character: "His zeal consists much in hanging his Bible in a dutch button." The affectation of gentility is hit off in the courtier, whom you "shall find in Pauls with a picke tooth in his hat, a cape cloak, & a long stocking." A young lawyer who "doth itch towards a poet," is described as eating "ginger-bread at a playhouse," and "ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banquetting house." "A councillor at law loves the velvet breeches he was

first made barester in." Young gallants' "ordinary sports are cock fights," and actors "entertaine us in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales." The "habit" of the watchman "is a long gowne made at first to cover his knavery, but that growing too monstrous, hee now goes in buffe." It was a time when a chambermaid "reads Greene's works over & over," and old men "count it an ornament of speech to close the period with a cough; & it is venerable to spend time in wiping their drived beards." Then wise men did not "chuse friends by the subsidy-book," and a franklin, an ancient yeoman of England, "allowes of honest pastime, & thinkes not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong." Rock Monday and the wake in summer, shrotings and the ketches on Christmas eve, he yearly kept, "yet holds them no reliques of popery;" and a country maid, "in choosing her garments, counts no bravery i' th' world like decencie." A youth of spirit and frolic, y'clept a Roaring Boy, "sleepes with a tobacco-pipe in 's mouth," and "commonly dies like Anacreon, with a grape in 's throat; or Hercules, with fire in 's marrow." The forcible realism, the simple vigor, the lifelike humors of these whims and accurate descriptions, "the scraps, the bits, and greasy relics" of these bygone times, are written in the spirit of delightful serio-comedy. Even assuming that he wrote not for absolute truth and accuracy of expression, in his captivating conceits and quaint quips, there is a mighty gladness in life as he saw it, which is made lovely by the fullness and freshness of his spirits, and the buoyant setting of his dainty expressions. National characteristics are so beautifully mixed with the graver and lighter side-lights, that one's heart goes out involuntarily with the exquisite fragments of what was once every-day speech. The simple expressions, meant with no rhetorical effect, come direct to us with all the force of genuine table-talk. A young gallant is pointed out, for, as he leaves the room, "'tis with a kind of walking epilogue between the two candles, to know if his suit may passe for currant;" another "sits in as great state over his penny-commons as ever Vitellius did at his greatest banquet;" the country gentleman "speakes statutes & husbandry well enough to make his neighbors thinke him a wise man;" and the elder brother's "ambition flies justice-height." We meet

with the "Meere Common Lawyer," who next "tearme walks his hoopsleeve gowne to the hall," and the dame whose "wrie little finger bewraies carving." He who delights in such information and such manners will find ample in Overbury to satisfy him; and in those times the "boare's head" was the first dish on Christmas day, and at one's elbow a tankard of "March beere," while ladies perfumed with "pomanders," ornamented with "partlets," and danced the popular "galliard."

Whether in the choice of words and idioms, or in the construction of sentences, Overbury followed the manly and direct British style, which disregarded, and yet in its disregard attained a wonderful power of rhetoric. We have here in a fair state of preservation the idiom of our language, the mother tongue, as spoken by educated men and courtiers. And although the French method was to a certain extent followed, the periods being uniformly short, unelaborate, and rapid, a swell and cadence move occasionally when required, and the quickness of a period is now and again broken and rolls away with a pretty conceit or a surprising fancy. His sentences are simple structures, brief, terse, simple, of the old English idiomatic talk. Beginning with something like a definition of the character, he looks at it from various side views, and ends by a bit of sarcasm or a show of wit. As in good conversation, he passes easily from one point to another, or, as in the game of hunt the slipper, he never lingers over one feature, but briskly moves backwards and forwards, so he neither becomes dull nor colloquial. And in this idiomatic language he never draws our attention from the subject or from himself by learned quotations or critical disputations; we at once come face to face with the character. He is singularly free from references to authors; indeed one would think that Shakespeare, who lived so shortly before him, or the authors of the Elizabethan period, had no existence; and when he borrows, it is a phrase from an older song or ballad.

Hallam thought that the wit was often flat: of that we fear he was but an indifferent judge. he having little mother wit; but he, no doubt, expressed the opinion of the nineteenth-century mind when he considered Overbury occasionally vulgar. To us this only shows that our author was a real piece of humanity in those days. There is no mark of the vulgar in his best portraits—the mirth of a good

woman is so clear "that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond," though it may be deemed by some that such a stain rests on a very woman who "sends religion afore to sixty, where she never overtakes it, or drives before her againe." The keen touch of laughing satire is felt in the neat description of a fine gentleman, who "sighs sweetly and speaks lamently; for his breath is perfumed and his words are wind;" and the barb of sarcasm is felt in the words of an "Ignorant Glory Hunter," who "confesseth vices he is guiltlesse of, if they be in fashion." He admired in no faint manner an old English butler and housekeeper, and the true English spirit of the time railed against French cooks, to whose skill he had a delightful John Bull antipathy, as they were "only fit to wake a funeral feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning." A great part of his humor consists in whimsical conceits, which he renders attractive in their strange setting. Stern critics might consider them ill-natured, but they are only piquant, no doubt with a strong flavor at times.

Himself a gentleman of courtly speech and courtly manners, he has paid the gentle sex some of the neatest and heartiest compliments they can receive. Old and wise and melancholy men he revered in a true spirit; and one who could bestow such sincere tributes of respect and admiration to good women, old and young, as Overbury did, could have been no vulgar man. The sentences flowed from a close and appreciative reader of the best characters. A good woman, as he naïvely said, "seekes not an husband but finds him;" a husband without a good wife is "misery in men's apparel, to whom she is both a staff and a chain;" but for a "Vertuous Widdow" he reserves the wealth of his genuine reverence: "She is like the purest gold, only employed for princes medals, she never receives but one man's impression. . . . She ought to be a mirror for our younger dames to dresse themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. . . . She hath laid his body in the worthiest monument that can be; she hath buried it in her owne heart." The poetic, grave, and tender fancy is clothed in the simple beauty of the old words. Equally well sketched is the young gallant, who is sadly disturbed to "maintain talk with a gentle woman," which Goldsmith's Young Marlowe repeats almost to the word; and the conceited man, who "laughs to think what a



foole he could make of Solomon, if hee were now alive."

The fire of the national British spirit sparkles in the "Worthy Commander in the Warres." It is a song in praise of the pluck and heroism of the indomitable British commander, ringing in notes of hearty cheer and spirited as the call of a cavalry trumpet. The enthusiasm for brave, daring deeds is tempered with a generous "noble heaviness." He figures as an honest man which no coward can be, and he "never bloudies his sword but in heat of battel." The martial spirit that breathes through the character is the same mighty force which animated our old English commanders and admirals, who knew not fear, and were made courtiers by being "so honourably mercifull to women in surprizall." He approved of the old conditions on which a war could be concluded by an assured peace; absolute victory or "an honest death;" and his prayers "best became him when armed *cap à pe*; like the Hebrew generall he utters them on horseback." The quick, quaint fancy of our author completes the portrait in all the glory associated with our historical English hero, who belongs to no period but to the occasion, and who in our handshakes with war each century is held up as a mirror for generals to measure themselves by; and "lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean neere the golden sceptre and die in his princes bosome." Now look on the other portrait, that of a "Vaine-glorious Coward in command," which he has satirized in scorn. There's a great amount of the Bombastes *furioso* in him who has received this mighty characteristic title, and it is a piece of broad comedy. There may be a little ill-nature in the description of him at muster: "he goes with such noise, as if his body were the wheele barrow that carried his judgment rumbling to drill his souldiers;" but there is a fine touch of delightful, though it may be extravagant humor, and also a dash of the picturesque, in these words: "When he comes at first upon a camisado, he looks like the four winds in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very first on-set suffers feare and trembling to dresse themselves in his face apparently."

His play of humor never rises into gusty storms, his plainness of speech, or, as it may be now considered, his coarseness, never rushes into peals of burly oaths, and his flatness is relieved by interesting facts of old manners and a store

of ever poetic imagery, to the delight of those who "admire old customs, even to the eating of red-herring, and going wet-shod." All his characters are now in the misty world of shadow-land. The simple, idiomatic language has in its tender pathos something "dearly sweet and bitter," like the tale-talk of an old nurse; and in his own exquisite words life "is the tilted lees of pleasure, dasht over with a little decking to hold color." His best prose, "not dappled with ink-horn terms," is enriched with the richness of the Elizabethan period; his sentences trip to the old dance music, though his poetry and prose, to quote a line of the former —

Both may bud; grow greene, and wither.

He does not, like Montaigne, sit in his armchair and converse with us; but he is the companion in our walks on foot in the city and country; and with infinite delight he points out the maid who rises with "chanticlere, and at night makes the lamb her curfew." JAMES PURVES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE BAYARD OF THE EAST.\*

THE character of a Bayard can be appreciated in its fullest significance only by an age of chivalry. In the lips of men of our own generation the phrase at best only conveys half a compliment. The qualities which made the good knight of the days of Froissart and Monstrelet are more cheaply rated by the nineteenth century, unless backed up by attributes which we have come to regard as more solid. "*Sans peur et sans reproche*" is as noble a legend as ever was borne on a shield, yet it would produce but a moderate impression upon either the Horse-Guards or the War Office. In modern warfare personal bravery has declined in value, personal recklessness is altogether at a discount; while personal action, unless it is directed along the hard and fast lines of the orders of the day, is altogether condemned. But there are times when the military machine gets out of joint or cannot be worked, and then we must look to pluck and cold steel for deciding the issue. At such times we are ready enough to applaud valor, and to reward it with Victoria Crosses or Stars of India and of the Bath; but we do not

\* *James Outram: a Biography.* By Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I. Smith, Elder, & Co.: 1880.

hold that these decorations carry with them a title to the more solid guerdons of staff appointments and brigade commands. But so long as war is war, whatever changes overtake the way in which it is conducted, the soldier's readiness to hazard his own life for the chance of killing his enemy, must ever be the main foundation for confidence of victory; and we cannot bring ourselves to think that army administrators would be less successful if they kept this fact more steadily before their eyes.

It is not very easy to imagine Bayard tied up by the bonds of the Queen's Regulations, and to conceive how, fettered by such encumbrances, he could have maintained his character. The necessity of perfect subordination must often war against not only the desire of personal distinction, but even the exercise of those generous and chivalrous qualities which made up the better side of mediæval knighthood. To a strong-minded man it is an easier duty to hazard his life than to sacrifice his judgment to the carrying out of commands which he believes to be wrong in themselves, or which he is convinced could be more nobly and successfully carried out after his own fashion. It is only the man who can make circumstances his own, however, that may venture on such revolt. Success may compel disobedience to be condoned; failure only aggravates the original offence, however praiseworthy the intention may have been.

The career of Sir James Outram is one of the most notable instances in our own day of an independent judgment, exerted in the teeth of authority, forcing its way to recognition and high reward. His contemporaries styled him the "Bayard of the East;" and he owed the title even more to his chivalrous defiance of the authority of government when he conceived its policy to be wrong or unsuitable, than to the dauntless courage which never failed him in the field or in the hunting-ground. Glorious as Outram's career was, even his admiring friends would never have recommended it for general imitation. Not a man in a hundred could have exercised the same independence, and have secured the same condonation for splendid disobedience. Time after time he set aside his written instructions, and even the special orders of his superiors; and as often the government felt compelled to own that he had done right in the main, although it was obliged to qualify its approbation by reflections

upon his mode of action. Not that Outram was always right: indeed, in our rapid sketch of his history we shall have occasion to refer to not a few matters in which we conceive him to have been seriously in error; but his mistakes were those which a strong and generous nature that has spurned aside the safeguards of subordination and official routine is peculiarly liable to commit. The part which Outram played in the great events amid which his life in the East was spent, has been the turning-point of much controversy and hot political feeling, from which, even at the present day, it is difficult to wholly dis sever our judgment. And if his biographer has failed to present us with an altogether impartial estimate, he has at least illustrated the debated points in Outram's conduct with such fulness, that the reader's task in forming an opinion of his own is greatly simplified.

Believers in heredity will trace most of the marked peculiarities of Outram's character to his maternal grandfather, Dr. James Anderson, a distinguished Scotch horticulturist and *savant*, a correspondent of *George Washington*, and the editor of the *Bee*, the Liberal politics of which got him into trouble with the crown officers, although he was also the friend of Lord Melville, and an active coadjutor in that nobleman's projects for developing industries on the wild coasts and islands of Scotland. Mrs. Outram was possessed of all her father's natural vigor and resolution: and when the failure of her husband's affairs, followed by his death, left her a widow with five young children, almost entirely dependent on the bounty of relatives, she faced her position "with characteristic spirit and independence," as her son's biography justly terms it. Her own account of her visit to Lord Melville gives a better insight into this lady's character than a volume of biography could do.

My spirit rose, and in place of meanly supplicating his favor like a pauper soliciting charity, I addressed him like a responsible being, who had misused the power placed in his hands by employing my father's time and talents for the good of the country, and to meet his own wishes and ends, then leaving him ignobly to suffer losses he could not sustain, but which his high-toned mind would not stoop to ward off by solicitations to those who had used him so unjustly. I then stated my own situation, my dependence and involved affairs, and concluded by saying that I could not brook dependence upon friends, when I had claims on my country, by right of my

father, adding, "To you, my lord, I look for payment of these claims. If you are an honest or honorable man, you will see that they are liquidated; *you* were the means of their being incurred, and *you* ought to be answerable for them. In making this application, I feel that I am doing your lordship as great a favor as myself, by giving you an opportunity of redeeming your character from the stigma of holding out promises and not fulfilling them." All this I stated, and much more, in strong language, which was so different from anything his lordship expected or was used to meet with, that he afterwards told me he was never so taken by surprise or got such a lecture in his life.

The heroine of this scene, with its spirit, temper, and feminine logic, might have sat to Thackeray for the portrait of Madame Esmond, the mother of the Virginians. Such a woman was likely to bring up manly boys; and from his childhood Outram showed all the boldness and resolution that marked his latter years. His mother's circumstances did not permit of her giving her family what would now pass for a good education, but he seems to have laid in a fair stock of learning at an excellent parish school in Aberdeenshire, whither his mother had gone to reside, and afterwards at an academy in the county town. His elder brother Francis, whose career in the Bombay Engineers afterwards came to so melancholy a termination, had got a nomination to Addiscombe and was preparing for India; and his uncle Archdeacon Outram seems to have recommended his sister to educate James for the Church. But for this calling the young Bayard felt no vocation. "You see that window," he said to his sister; "rather than be a parson I'm out of it, and I'll list for a common soldier." Fortunately, Mrs. Outram had kind friends in the county, who intervened to save the lad from a career for which he had so little relish; and through Captain Gordon, the member for Aberdeenshire, he was nominated to a cadetship in the Bombay infantry, and sailed for the East in May 1819. He was then only in his sixteenth year, but the lords of Leadenhall Street knew that boys often did them good service. It was on record that when the directors were disposed to demur at the childish appearance of John Malcolm, to whose nature that of Outram was much akin, a spirited answer speedily removed their scruples. "Why, my little man," said one of the directors to young Malcolm, as Sir John Kaye tells the story, "what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, sir?"

replied Malcolm; "I would out with my sword and cut off his head;" and the directors unanimously agreed that he would do. Like Malcolm, Outram was childish in appearance, and was, when he joined in Bombay, "the smallest staff-officer in the army." He was, however, posted to the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry, but was almost immediately transferred to the 4th N.I.

There is little to record of Outram's early days as a subaltern of native infantry. Drills, duty, hog-hunting, and *munshis* made up the story of the lives of most of his class. He seems to have been a diligent soldier, for he was able in the course of a year to act as adjutant of his corps. He had his fair share of the maladies of the Deccan and Gujerat, and doubtless the usual pecuniary struggles which a subaltern has to make ends meet. The increasing thoughtfulness of his character is manifested by the regard which he began to show for his mother's circumstances, and by the plans which he laid for allowing her a portion of his income. "You used to say you were badly off," he wrote to his mother in the cold weather of 1822; "but as I had been used to poor Udney," the parish school where he had been educated, "I thought we were very comfortable at our humble home. Now when I see how many privations you had to put up with, I think you made wonderful sacrifices for your children, whose duty it is to make you as comfortable as they possibly can."

A wider career was soon to open up to Outram than the routine duties of his regiment, varied by an occasional expedition to quell local disturbances in some of the districts which had not yet begun to take kindly to the rule of the Company. The Mahratta power had fallen in 1818, and we had entered into the inheritance of the Peishwas. The following year Mountstuart Elphinstone became governor of Bombay; and never was a statesman better qualified by natural talents and training for introducing a foreign rule into conquered territories. Among other countries to be broken in, was the vast territory of Khandesh, lying to the south of the Sautpoora range and the Nerbudda. It is now a settled and prosperous district, paying a good revenue, and inhabited by law-abiding and industrious cultivators. But in 1825, when James Outram was sent into the country, Khandesh included some of the wildest portions of India. The deep ravines of the Sautpoora Mountains, shrouded in dense forests, gave

cover to a savage race, to whom the name of law was unknown, who had no avocation except the pursuit of plunder, and whom both Hindoo and Muhammadan had agreed in considering as irreclaimable to civilization. Khandesh had been the seat of a Muhammadan kingdom established by revolted viceroys of Delhi, for two hundred years, until Akhbar, in the last year of the sixteenth century, reunited it to the empire. It had afterwards come under the dominion of the Mahratta conquerors; but neither Musulman nor Mahratta had been able to tame the tribes of the highland country, and had been content to treat them as wild beasts, ruthlessly destroying them when caught out of their jungles, and punishing them by retributive expeditions into their fastnesses. These tribes were known by the appellation of Bhil. They were non-Aryans, and had been less influenced by the northern immigration than any of the other Indian tribes which we are accustomed to speak of as aboriginal. The same attributes which distinguished them in Outram's days had been their characteristic in the earliest ages of Indian history. In the "Mahabharata," Drona refuses to teach archery to the son of the rajah of the Bhils, saying, "The Bhils are robbers and cattle-lifters—it would be a sin to teach them to use weapons;" and the same legend would seem to indicate that even for the use of the bow the Bhils had been indebted to their Aryan enemies. Pent in their mountain ravines, and held at enmity by all their neighbors from prehistoric times, it was no wonder though administrators considered it as a hopeless task to reduce the Bhils to order, and reclaim them from their thievish propensities. Yet this was the duty which was now prescribed to Outram. Mountstuart Elphinstone was anxious to restore Khandesh to the prosperity which it had enjoyed under Muhammadan rule; and to promote this plan, it was necessary that something should be done to keep the Bhils in order. With his usual judgment Elphinstone pitched upon the right men, though two young and comparatively untried officers, for the work which he had in view. Outram he called his "sword," and Captain Charles Ovens was to be his "plough." A fair idea of the services which he expected from each of them may be inferred from these epithets; but if Outram was to be the sword, he was speedily to prove himself a blade of the finest temper. The Scotch governor, remembering possibly

the policy by which Chatham had broken in the Highlanders of his own country, intrusted Outram with the duty of raising a Bhil corps among the robber tribes. The town of Dharangaon was to be his headquarters, and his jurisdiction extended over a vast tract of country running up into the glens of the Sautpooras, where the fiercest and most irreclaimable tribes of the Bhils were harboring. Outram at this time was only two-and-twenty; but he applied himself to his work with a zeal and wisdom which would have been creditable to an officer of double his age and experience. His first aim was to gain the confidence of the Bhils; and this he achieved by fearlessly living in their villages unattended by a guard, and by convincing them of his courage in desperate encounters with their enemy, the tiger. He had, however, to commence by hostilities, and the nucleus of the future corps was formed out of a handful of outlaws captured by his troops. "I thus effected an intercourse with some of the leading *naicks*" — chieftains — "went alone with them into their jungles, gained their hearts by copious libations of brandy, and their confidence by living unguarded among them, until at last I persuaded five of the most adventurous to risk their fortunes with me, which small beginning I considered insured ultimate success."

The young Bayard was now in his element. He had a great work to do; he was not tied down by precise instructions; he had no superiors on the spot to whom to account strictly for his mode of action; his life was one of peril and adventure; and the signal success which soon attended his efforts would have stimulated even a less zealous nature to increased exertions. The doubts which the Bhils were at first disposed to feel speedily wore off. As soon as he was sure that his recruits felt confidence in himself, Outram returned their trust. He had no guards except his Bhils; he gave them arms; he shared in their amusements; and he convinced them that obedience and good conduct would insure for them promotion and reward. They willingly took the field against the plundering bands of their own race, and in the course of four or five months he had together so respectable a corps that he felt no shame in marching them into the Maligaon to take their place beside his own regiment of the native line. The reception which the Bhils met with from the Bombay Sepoys at once crowned Outram's efforts with success. The Sepoy had always

been looked upon by the Bhil as his natural enemy. There were the great barriers of caste and no-caste between the two, and their natural repugnance must have been equal. But discipline kept the Sepoy's prejudices in check, and he surprised the Bhil by meeting him on the footing of a fellow-soldier. "Not only were the Bhils received by the men without insulting scoffs," says Outram, "but they were even received as friends, and with the greatest kindness invited to sit among them, fed by them, and talked to by high and low. . . . The Bhils returned quite delighted and flattered by their reception, and entreated me to allow them no rest from drill until they became equal to their brother soldiers!" Let those who undervalue the ends which English influence is working out in India think how much was implied in such a meeting. For the first time since the days of Mahabharata, some two or three and twenty centuries back, the Bhils had been received on a footing of equality by their fellow-creatures, treated as men, and not as vermin of the jungle. It was not much wonder though they were deeply impressed, and that when Outram went back to Dharangaon he had no want of recruits for his corps.

From 1825 to 1835 Outram was employed among the Bhils; and the country, as well as the people, underwent a marked change under his rule. Raids from the Sautpooras became more rare, for the outlaws were speedily made to understand that when Outram and his Bhils got on their trail no hiding-place was too remote, no jungle too dense, to save them from capture. Although only a lieutenant in the army, and seven-and-twenty years of age, he found himself in 1830 commander-in-chief of a force some fifteen hundred strong, with which he subdued the lawless tribes of the Dang country, and earned the special thanks of government. He opened schools for the children of his Bhil soldiers; and in spite of the contempt which not a few felt for this attempt to educate a race that had ever been ignorant of reading and writing, the experiment was fairly successful, and had at all events the good effect of raising the Bhil in his own self-respect. Amid all this ruling, educating, and fighting, Outram contrived to distinguish himself among the tigers in the Khandesh jungles; and it is probable that the dauntlessness with which he sought out and encountered the fiercest man-eating tigers, raised him more in the estimation of the Bhils than all his

other exploits. His game-bag for the ten years of his sojourn among the Bhils will raise a sigh of envy among sportsmen of the present day.

From 1825 to 1834 inclusive, he himself and associates in the chase killed no fewer than 235 tigers, wounding 22 others; 25 bears, wounding 14; 12 buffaloes, wounding 5; and killed also 16 panthers or leopards. Of this grand total of 329 wild animals, 44 tigers and one panther or leopard were killed during his absence by gentlemen of the Khandesh hunt; but Outram was actually present at the death of 191 tigers, 15 panthers or leopards, 25 bears, and 12 buffaloes.

His lieutenant, Douglas Graham, who was as entertaining a writer as he was a bold shot, has recorded many remarkable adventures which we would gladly repeat if our space allowed. We must, however, content ourselves with one anecdote which Captain Stanley Scott, in recent times, found still fresh in the memory of the Bhils.

In April or May 1825, news having been brought in by his *shikari*, Chima, that a tiger had been seen on the side of the hill under the Mussulman temple among some prickly-pear shrubs, Lieutenant Outram and another sportsman proceeded to the spot. Outram went on foot, and his companion on horseback. Searching through the bushes, when close on the animal, Outram's friend fired and missed, on which the tiger sprang forward roaring, seized Outram, and they rolled down the side of the hill together. Being released from the claws of the ferocious beast for a moment, Outram, with great presence of mind, drew a pistol he had with him, and shot the tiger dead. The Bhils, on seeing that he had been injured, were one and all loud in their grief and expressions of regret; but Outram quieted them with the remark, "What do I care for the clawing of a cat!" This speech was rife among the Bhils for many years afterwards, and may be so until this day.

These ten years among the Bhils were the making of Outram. They matured his courage, taught him self-reliance—a lesson which he was ever too apt to learn—afforded him an experience in command which he could never have acquired in his regiment, and brought his capacity and talent prominently before the Bombay government. Both Mountstuart Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm could fully appreciate the difficulties with which Outram had to contend, and both were well content that he should be left to take his own way. It was when thus freed from official leading-strings that Outram was sure to do his work best. By the time he left Khandesh, although only



thirty-two years of age, he had made a reputation for ability that was recognized far beyond his own presidency; and he left such memories of himself among the Bhils as Cleveland had left among the Kols, or Macpherson among the Khonds, or John Nicholson among the wild clans of the Peshawur border. To Outram as well as to these latter officers divine honors were paid after his departure. "A few years ago some of his old Sepoys happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up and worshipped it as 'Outram Sahib.'"

When the time came for Outram to take leave of the Bhils, he found a governor ruling in Bombay who was not the most likely man to appreciate his special gifts and turn them to the best account. Sir Robert Grant was a well-meaning but weak governor, more anxious to earn a character as a philanthropic administrator than to take the steps which were necessary to enforce order in the outlying parts of his presidency. When Outram was sent to the Mahi Kanta, a native State in Gujerat, he did not hesitate to cavil with his instructions, and to bluntly tell the government that they did not go far enough. But though rebuked for his frankness, Outram was not deterred from taking his own way; and the Bombay government was sorely exercised in finding language which would at once congratulate him on the success he had achieved, and condemn the mode in which he had acted. We need not go into details of these Mahi Kanta troubles, which have no interest for us except so far as they illustrate Outram's predilection for modifying his orders to suit his own views, which were certainly always conceived in the higher interests of the State and of the people with whom he was concerned. His spirited conduct in the Mahi Kanta earned the commendation of the Court of Directors; but this also was qualified by a reminder that they were not "forgetful of the fact that on several occasions he had shown a disposition to act in a more peremptory manner, and to resort sooner to measures of military coercion, than the Bombay government had approved." Outram was not the man to bear such a remark in silence, and he drew up a memorandum in vindication of his career, which the Bombay government answered by soothing encomiums. He was too good an officer for government to lightly quarrel

with, and his consciousness of his own powers enabled him to address the secretariat in a tone which would have insured certain suspension in the case of any less qualified officer. But it is important to note that, even at this early period of his career, he had begun to indulge in those contests with government which, more or less all his life through, retarded his advancement and interfered with the disposition of his superiors to employ him on service worthy of his abilities.

In the interval between his employment among the Bhils and his mission to the Mahi Kanta, Outram had married; and the union, in spite of many separations arising from his wife's ill health and his own absences on duty, was in every way calculated to promote his happiness. But sickness compelled Mrs. Outram and her infant son to return to England in 1837; and Outram himself had then purposed to take leave and follow her in 1840. But meantime the Afghan war had broken out, and Outram was among the first to send in his name as a volunteer.

Sir John Keane, commanding the Bombay column, appointed him an extra aide-de-camp; and Outram accepted the appointment apparently more because it would give him admission into the campaign, when he would be able to find other opportunities of making himself useful, than that he cared much for a place in the general's household. Outram's peculiar talents soon found adequate employment in his new position. The position of the Talpur ameer of Sind, lying across the line of communications of the Bombay column, rendered it necessary that an understanding should be come to with them. Outram and Lieutenant Eastwick were despatched to Haiderabad to obtain the ameer's acceptance of a draft treaty prepared by Colonel Pottinger, the resident; and this mission was the commencement of that intercourse with the Talpur families which subsequently ripened to a warm friendship, and which brought so much trouble and worry upon Outram's after career. On this occasion his mission was unsuccessful, and it required a demonstration from the north to make the ameer listen to reason. Shortly after, Outram was sent on to Shikarpur, where the king, Shah Sujah-ul-Mulk, and Mr. MacNaghten, the envoy, then were, to arrange about the commissariat and transport for the advance of the Bombay column. The success with which Outram accomplished this mission marked him

out as the most suitable officer for keeping up communication between Sir John Keane and the envoy's headquarters; and into this work — involving, as it did, long and dangerous rides through wild passes and unfriendly tribes, perils from ambush and from mutinous escorts, fatigue and scanty fare — Outram threw himself with all his heart. The employment carried with it the valued advantage that it took him to the scene of action whenever anything of importance was going on. On one occasion he was severely hurt by a fall from his horse; but instead of lying up until recovery, he travelled with the column in a palanquin. At the storming of Ghuzni — from the official accounts of which Outram's name was omitted, probably from the provincial jealousy which characterized the Bengal and Bombay armies so strongly in the first Afghan wars — Outram was present, and had distinguished himself by a gallant exploit on the eve of the battle with a small party of the shah's contingent, capturing the holy banner of white and green, and routing a strong party of the Afghans. But his great exploit in the Afghan campaign was his pursuit of Dost Mohammed, which, though it failed to capture the ameer, was a feat of *derring-do* which the earlier Bayard might have been proud to number among his enterprises. On the fall of Ghuzni, Dost Mohammed made for Bamian, with the evident intention of falling back upon Balkh, then as now the natural refuge of every discomfited pretender to the Afghan throne. A flying force of two thousand Afghans and one hundred of our own cavalry, the whole under command of Outram, were to endeavor to hunt down the flying ameer; and a number of young officers, most of whom were destined to attain after distinction in the service, volunteered to accompany him. There was Wheeler of the Bengal cavalry, Colin Troup, Christie, George Lawrence, Broadfoot, Keith Erskine, and others; and Bayard could not have wished for a braver following. The hopes founded on Afghan assistance were delusive. The cavalry supplied by the shah were a badly-mounted rabble. The guide, an old melon-seller, who had risen to high rank by changing sides in the Afghan troubles, was utterly untrustworthy. He wished to follow the trail of the ameer, while Outram's desire was to make his way across the hills and intercept his flight. The native guide, however, contrived to lead them

by such routes as would waste time and give the ameer an opportunity of getting beyond the Paropamisus. At every halting-place the native forces were falling off; and when they came within a day's march of "the Dost," as Sir Francis Goldsmid designates the ameer, he had barely fifty Afghans to support him, and his supplies were exhausted.

But Hajji Khan urged a halt, on the plea that the force at their disposal was insufficient to cope with the enemy. Outram insisted on moving, and managed in the course of the afternoon to get together some seven hundred and fifty Afghans of sorts, whom he induced to accompany his own particular party. Through accident or design, the guides went astray, and in the darkness of the night the way was lost "amid interminable ravines, where no trace of a footstep existed;" so that Yort was not reached until next morning, when Dost Mohammed was reported to be at Kharzár, sixteen miles distant on the highroad leading from Cabul to Bamian. No inducement could get the Afghans to advance another stage until the morning of the following day, August 7th; and in the interim their leader attempted by every available means, and including even threats, to dissuade Outram from proceeding any further, strongly representing the scarcity of provisions for his men, and the numerical superiority of those whom he sought to encounter. He was unable, however, to carry his point; for he pleaded to one who went onward in spite of every obstacle. When the pursuers arrived at Kharzár they ascertained that the Ameer had gone to Kalu, whither, leaving behind their Afghan adviser, they pressed on the same afternoon, over the Hajji Guk (or Khak), a pass twelve thousand feet above the ocean, whence they saw the snow fifteen hundred feet below them. At Kalu they were again doomed to disappointment. Dost Mohammed had left some hours previously, and it was supposed that he had already surmounted the Kalu Pass, the highest of the Hindu Kush. Here Outram and his comrades were compelled to remain the night, encamped at the foot of Kuh-i-Baba, the "Father Mountain," monarch of that mighty range, and twenty-two thousand feet high; they had been nine hours in the saddle, and horses and men were knocked up. The next day they were overtaken by Captains Taylor and Trevor, with thirty troopers and about three hundred Afghans, — which reinforcement, though it seems to have inspired Hajji Khan with courage to rejoin his headquarters, did not a whit diminish his ardor in endeavoring to persuade the British commandant to delay the pursuit. He tried, by entreaty, menace, and withholding guides, to keep back this dauntless soldier, even when mounting his horse and in the act of departure; but in vain: before nightfall Outram had crossed the steep Shutargardan (camel-neck), a pass some thousands of feet higher than the Hajji Guk, and

after dark he halted at a deserted village at the foot of the Ghat, . . . on the banks of a stream which flows into the Oxus. Briefly, after six days' hard riding and roughing he reached Bamian, to miss again the object of his search, and to certify that with such a guide and in such a country, it would be madness to continue the chase.

Fruitless as this expedition was, it was one of the most gallant achievements in the whole of the first Afghan war; and the fact that an officer of Outram's standing should have been chosen to lead it, showed that his native aptitude for such enterprises had already been recognized by the military authorities and by the envoy, the latter of whom, in spite of differences of opinion as to the policy which they were engaged in carrying out, was anxious to procure Outram's transfer to the political department. He was, however, next sent to reduce the Ghilzai country — a duty which he performed with characteristic energy and success, capturing their leaders and dismantling or blowing up their forts. He took part in General Willshire's capture of Kelat, where he so specially distinguished himself as to be selected to carry the despatch to the Bombay government — a hazardous duty, as the general desired him to return to India by the direct route to Sonmiani Bunder, and report upon its practicability for the passage of troops. Disguised as an Afghan, accompanied by one servant and guided by two Syuds, Outram made his way by Nal to Sonmiani, a distance of three hundred and fifty-five miles, in eight days, supporting the character of a *pir* or holy man on the road with much skill; and he astonished his brother-in-law, General Farquharson, by bursting into his quarters at Kurrachee in Afghan costume, armed with sword and shield. He learned afterwards that the chief of Wadd had been made acquainted with his journey, and had followed him hot-foot down through the passes to Sonmiani, with a view to intercept and slay him.

The immediate reward of Outram's Afghan services was the political agency of Lower Sind, in succession to Colonel Pottinger, although the appointment was shorn of the title of resident, by which the latter officer had been distinguished. Outram had scruples about this change, but Sind presented a field for a man of action which he could not fail to appreciate. Afghanistan was far from settled, and Sind must be the basis of all operations in the southern part of the country as well as in Beluchistan. The condition

of the Talpur ameers was then growing more and more critical; and though Outram was by no means well calculated to practice the diplomacy which the government of India was disposed to exercise in their case, he was yet alive to the prospects of distinction which the situation in Sind presented. He was never a "political" in the successful sense of the term. He drew a somewhat fanciful distinction between his obligations in civil and military employ, which was a prolific source of embarrassment to him in the former capacity. He entertained the idea that while the soldier ought to yield unquestioning obedience to the orders of his superiors, the political officer might be permitted the greater latitude of accommodating the policy of government to the dictates of his own conscience. Such feelings were to Outram's credit as a man, but they naturally detracted from his utility as an agent of government, and laid the foundation of the painful controversy regarding the annexation of Sind in which he subsequently became involved, and which for many years cast a heavy cloud over his life. We cannot now go into the details of this unprofitable discussion. Of the necessity for annexing Sind we do not entertain a doubt, and the prosperity which British rule has brought to that province must more than condone the irregularity of the steps which Lord Ellenborough and Sir Charles Napier took against the ameers. Outram seems to have exaggerated in his own mind the obligations which he conceived himself to be under to the Talpur dynasty. He was present at the death of Nur Muhammad Khan, and had solemnly accepted the guardianship of his children; and he seems to have considered that this pledge affected his personal honor as well as his political capacity. At the same time Outram, in the exercise of his political agency, displayed an independence of the supreme government which naturally drew down upon him Lord Ellenborough's displeasure. That nobleman was unpopular with all branches of the service; he was constantly finding his orders thwarted by the personal views of the officers who ought to have carried them out; and we cannot wonder at his feeling that so prominent a case as that of Outram required to be made an example, in spite of the hard work and brilliant services which the governor-general readily acknowledged. The political agent took the extreme step of maintaining Lieutenant Hammersley in his post at Quetta, "on

the plea of urgent requirements," after that officer had been remanded to his regiment, in consequence of the displeasure of the supreme government; and though the motives which actuated Outram were generous to Quixotry, he himself was conscious of the risk which he was incurring. "See this correspondence about Hammersley," he writes to the secretary of the Bombay government, "which, I take, will end in his lordship sending me to my regiment." With an officer who thus takes his own way with his eyes open, we cannot sympathize very much when his worst anticipations are realized. The first punishment that befell him was the appointment of General Nott to the chief political as well as military power in lower Afghanistan, Sind, and Beluchistan, which interposed that officer between himself and the supreme government. Outram felt the slight, but it was characteristic of his generous nature that he was resolutely resolved that his sore feelings on this point should not be allowed to affect his zeal in co-operating with his new superior. But Outram threw too much personal feeling into the affairs amid which he was moving to be a desirable assistant in a course of policy so tortuous as that which Lord Ellenborough was forced by circumstances to follow. He was friendly to the Sind ameer, and he obstinately shut his eyes to their hostile disposition, which was obvious to Lord Ellenborough's government. He had a great liking for the young khan of Kelat, whom he had personally been the means of bringing into the British alliance; and he restored to him the territory of Shawl almost on his own responsibility, and certainly with a precipitation that could not but be displeasing, and might well have been embarrassing, to the supreme government. On the whole, we cannot say that Lord Ellenborough was altogether to blame because, on the arrival of Sir Charles Napier to assume the chief military and political power in Sind, he took the opportunity of sending Major Outram back for a season to his regiment. The comparison between the reputations of Outram and Lord Ellenborough has naturally made their dissensions reflect to the disadvantage of the latter; but a dispassionate review of Outram's proceedings in the Sind agency will convince any impartial judge that he took more upon him than his subordinate position warranted; and that unless the governor-general was prepared to have his policy dictated by his political

officers, he had no alternative except to remove so wilful a diplomatist to a field of action where his temperament would be less liable to bring him into collision with the dominant policy. In the estimation of many competent Anglo-Indian politicians, it might have been well for Lord Ellenborough had he followed Outram's counsels. On this we offer no opinion. We simply maintain that the governor-general, holding the views which he did, was perfectly justified in removing Outram for following the course which he had chosen.

By this time Outram's character was thoroughly established in the eyes of all India. His bravery, his zeal, and his capacity as a leader, had been demonstrated beyond question in the Cabul campaign; and his chivalrous loyalty to his friends, his modesty of his own exploits, and his hatred of untruth, had come forcibly before the public in the course of his contests with the supreme government. It is probable that the independence which he displayed did much to enhance his popularity; for Lord Ellenborough's government was generally disliked, and opposition to it was accounted a cardinal virtue both in the services and among non-officials. When, therefore, at the farewell dinner given to Outram on his departure from Sind, Sir Charles Napier proposed his health as the "Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*," the epithet was adopted by acclamation throughout the country; and the compliment had no small influence on Outram's after career. The government too, although it could not help regarding him as an impracticable political, was yet fully convinced of his capacity for doing it excellent service, and had no intention of shelving him for good in his native infantry regiment; nor was he long destined to be absent from the scene of his former labors. Just as he was preparing to sail for England on leave at the end of 1842, Sir Charles Napier desired his services as commissioner for arranging the details of the revised treaty with the Talpur ameers; and the supreme government acceded to the request. Outram was disposed to quarrel with the curt way in which his appointment was communicated, but his desire to be back in Sind was stronger than his feeling of resentment. In the events which followed, the position of Outram freed him from all ulterior responsibility for the measures which were ultimately taken. The treachery of the ameers put an end to his

functions as a negotiator, and would have sacrificed his life but for his gallant defence of the Haiderabad residency. This, however, does not seem to have alienated Outram's sympathies from the Talpur family, or to have relieved his conscience of what he considered due to his pledge to Nur Muhammad. The course of events is very succinctly and justly summed up in a letter from Lord Ellenborough to the queen, which we prefer to quote, as giving the reader a more correct account of the principles upon which Sind was annexed than either Outram's letters or his biographer's comments.

The new treaty proposed to the Ameers, justified by their violation of the existing treaty and by various acts of intended hostility, would have given to the British government in India practical command over the Lower Indus. Between acquiring that command and retiring at once from the Indus there was no safe course. The retirement, following upon the withdrawal of the armies from Cabul, would have given credit to the misrepresentations studiously circulated with respect to the circumstances under which that withdrawal took place; and it would have had the necessary consequence of leading to the violation in all its details of the commercial treaty which secured the free navigation of the Indus.

The position in which the government of India would have stood had the new treaty been acceded to, and at first faithfully carried out, would not have been without its embarrassments. It could not be expected that the Ameers would have at all times quietly submitted to provisions they had accepted with reluctance, and war would have been forced upon us hereafter at an inconvenient moment.

It cannot be regretted, therefore, that the treachery of the Ameers should have obliged the British government to take at once a more decided course, and to establish its own authority in such parts of Scinde as it may be desirable to hold in our hands.

To attempt to enter into terms with the defeated Ameers would have been an act of weakness and self-destruction. No faith could be expected from them; and even if they were disposed to adhere to their engagements, the barbarous violence of their followers would not permit them to do so. There appeared to be no advisable course of policy but that of at once taking possession of the country which had been thus thrown into our hand, and so using our power as to make our conquest beneficial to the people.\*

Whatever view may be taken of the conquest of Sind, it is much to be regretted that Outram should have plunged

into controversy upon the subject. His own share in the troubles of Sind had never been seriously reflected upon, and his reiterated vindications of his own conduct were even more uncalled-for than his criminations of the officers more immediately connected with the annexation. Of his quarrel with Sir Charles Napier, Outram's biographer wisely says very little. Both were hot-tempered, outspoken men, alike too ready to seize the pen when their feelings were warm; and the only conclusion that we could come to from an investigation of their quarrel would be, that there were right and wrong on both sides, and that, if Outram's course was the more generous, Sir Charles Napier's was the more statesmanlike.

We must hurry over the succeeding years of Outram's life, nor linger over the testimonials to his merits which poured from all quarters—a sword worth three hundred guineas from the people of the Bombay presidency, a gold medal from the pope, and a Bible and Prayer-book from the Bishop of Bombay, who felt himself debarred from contributing to the more warlike present. He visited England a lieutenant-colonel and a C.B. in 1843, and plunged into the thick of the Sind controversy which was then raging fiercely in Parliament and at Leadenhall Street. But the time had passed for altering the Sind policy, and all that Outram could do was to widen the breach between himself and Lord Ellenborough's party. Naturally, on his return to India, the government showed no disposition to provide him with an appointment adequate to his services and merit. The only post offered him was the Nimar agency in central India, the salary of which was inferior to what he had drawn in the Mahi Kanta; and the duties were merely of a routine character. The disturbances in the southern Mahratta country breaking out soon after, found him active employment again; and he served in a half-military, half-political capacity in the Kolapore and Sawant Wari states, doing brilliant service in the attacks upon the insurgents' forts, and, it must be owned, incurring frequent expostulations from the government for the very free interpretation which he frequently put upon its instructions.

In 1845 we find Outram filling the post of resident of Satara, an easy but not over-lucrative appointment. Although a lieutenant-colonel and a Companion of the Bath, Outram's substantive rank in the army was still only that of captain, and

\* The Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough. Edited by Lord Colchester. Pp. 70-72.



his pay suffered in consequence. But though not free from the pinchings of poverty, he scornfully refused to touch an anna of the Rs. 29,941 (nearly £3,000) which came to him as his share of the Sind prize-money. Bayard would not participate in what he looked upon as plunder, and would have restored his portion to the son of his old friend, the ameer Nur Muhammad, who had been committed to his charge. But there were obstacles in the way of such benevolence, and Outram got rid of the money by dividing it among the military and missionary institutions for the education of European children. He would fain have taken part in the exciting events that soon took place in the Punjab, but the Bombay government refused to spare him. The residency of Baroda, then the great prize in the Bombay political department, was soon to fall vacant, and the reversion of this post was Outram's by right of natural selection; and accordingly, in May 1847, he was gazetted to his new appointment.

It might have been thought that by this time Outram's Quixotic feelings would have been well tamed down by the varied experiences through which he had passed, and the troubles which he had brought upon himself by breaking through the bonds of routine. He was now in middle life, with matured experience, and with a reputation which gave him a firm hold of the ladder leading to the highest prizes in the Company's service. It was his interest to avoid further sources of unpleasantness with his government and with the Board of Directors. But while Outram was as yet beholding Baroda only from a distance, he had already planned out a work for which he had every reason to know his government would give him scanty thanks. In Baroda, as in almost every other native state, there reigned the demon of *khatpat*, which presides over bribery, corruption, the malversation of justice, and official oppression generally; but there was this difference, that *khatpat* had a stronger hold on Baroda than on any other native State of the day. Outram had long eyed the evil from afar, as if he fain would grapple with it; and even when in the Mahi Kanta, he had made use of his limited opportunities to denounce the system. On his arrival at Baroda he threw himself into the work of beating down corruption wherever he could detect it, and the consequence was that he soon had the whole State in a ferment. The government and the Board of

Directors knew as well as Outram the corrupt condition of the Gaikwar's court and administration; but they knew also that to strike at the root of the evil they would have to strike at the Gaikwar himself, and the time had not yet arrived when so extreme a measure could be ventured upon. The resident had plenty of hints to be moderate in the measures which he was taking to unearth and hunt down corruption; but he was too high-minded to allow prudential advice to stand between him and what he saw to be the clear line of his duty, or to lend his official assistance to gloss over evils which were discreditable to the honor of British rule. Revelation after revelation of the grossest corruption in the palace, in the residency, in every department of the Gaikwar's administration, aroused the public mind, both in India and in England, to the Baroda abuses; and the Court of Directors could no longer stifle the subject. Investigations were ordered, and the results did not always bear out the statements of the resident. He had, of course, perjury and falsehood to contend with at every step; and there is little doubt that his warm temperament had led him to entertain extreme views of the corruption with which he was warring, and of the cases which he had championed. In December 1851, the Bombay government, at the head of which Viscount Falkland then was, found it impossible to maintain Outram longer at Baroda without committing itself to the extreme measures which would have been the natural action to have taken upon his reports; and a letter was sent to him announcing its resolution to remove him, but leaving it to him "to withdraw in the manner least offensive to his own feelings, and least calculated to embarrass government or affect their amicable relations with H.H. the Gaikwar." The Court of Directors wrote even more harshly of his proceedings; and although a large number of its members sympathized with Outram's aims, a despatch was sent out strongly condemnatory of the tone of Outram's reports and of the character of his proceedings. The subject was ventilated in Parliament with very little result, and two huge blue-books were laid before the Houses, which had but little influence on public opinion. People generally felt that the course taken by Outram had been a noble and disinterested one, and that if he had sinned at all, he had sinned from excess of zeal on behalf of the honor of his government. His time, thus

placed at his own disposal, was employed in revisiting England; but it was fated that his holidays at home were always to be marred by his Indian quarrels. He persisted in fighting the battle of Baroda corruption in England with but little expectation of obtaining so unanimous a verdict in his favor as might compel the Court of Directors to reverse its harsh sentence. But when the time came for him to return to India, the Court addressed a despatch to Lord Dalhousie, the governor-general, expressing a hope that, as there was no position under the Bombay government equal in importance to the one from which Outram had been removed, his claims to employment under the supreme government might be favorably considered. Meanwhile the troubles in the East which ended in the Crimean war had broken out, and the Foreign Office was disposed to take advantage of Outram's services; but Lord Stratford de Redcliffe could hold out no immediate prospect of employment, and so he went on his way to Calcutta. He was now fortunate enough to meet with a chief who could appreciate his peculiar disposition and utilize his powers; and as soon as the transfer of the Baroda residency from the Bombay to the supreme government was completed, Outram was replaced in his old appointment. At Baroda he had the satisfaction of removing from office some of the worst of his old antagonists, and his conduct called forth the warm approbation of the governor-general. Had he been backed by a ruler like Lord Dalhousie during the eventful years of his first residence at Baroda, there can be no question but that he would have been able to purge the Gaikwar's court, and have earned commendation instead of rebuke for his exertions. "The mingled sternness and consideration with which you have treated the Gaikwar," wrote the governor-general, "will, I hope, have a lasting effect upon the Gaikwar himself, and will teach both him and those about him that, while the supreme government is desirous of upholding him, it must be obeyed in all things. . . . You must accept my personal congratulations and thanks in regard to the complete success of your return to Baroda."

Lord Dalhousie's aim in sending Outram back to Baroda had, however, rather been a generous desire that he might have an opportunity of removing the effects which the harsh judgment of the Bombay government and the Court of Directors had produced, and that the Gaikwar might

be shown that the supreme government was not disposed to put up with the corruption which had unhappily characterized his administration, than that he had any intention of continuing Outram in the post. To have maintained him longer than this end was accomplished, would not have been in accordance with the principles upon which the feudatory policy of the Indian government is conducted; and accordingly, when the residency and command at Aden fell vacant, Outram was selected to fill it. The short period which he occupied this office, coupled with his shattered health, did not admit of his leaving his impress upon this ungenial station, but it gave him an insight into Arabian affairs which was subsequently useful in his Persian command. He gladly received Lord Dalhousie's summons to take up the residency at Lucknow from Colonel Sleeman, who was retiring at the close of a long, useful, and honorable career. Here Outram was destined to take part in the crowning acts of Lord Dalhousie's Indian administration, upon which history never has been, and never will be, able to adopt a unanimous opinion. Had any possibility remained of preserving Oudh as an independent State, by a vigorous exercise of the influence which the Company's government were entitled to exert by treaty, by a vigorous application of the knife to the corruptions of the Lucknow court, and by the entire remodelling of the administration of the kingdom, Outram was of all others the man to carry such a work to a successful termination. But the government had come to the conclusion upon very sufficient grounds that the court of Oudh was past the aid of political surgery, and Outram was called in to kill and not to cure. By the time that he was sent to Lucknow annexation may be looked upon as having become a foregone conclusion, and it cannot be said to have been a part of his mission to deal with reform. But no fitter man could have been found to hold the helm while so important a revolution was being effected, and of this Lord Dalhousie was well aware. Had his duty lain in a different direction, we can scarcely suppose that Outram would have succeeded any better than Low and Sleeman had done. But his presence in Oudh unquestionably maintained peace while the arrangements of the annexation were being effected, and postponed for eighteen months the outbreak which was destined to put an end to the Company's government in its turn. From a Calcutta news-

paper of the day we get an interesting glimpse of Outram's personal appearance as he made his splendid entrance into Lucknow. "Everybody was delighted to see the colonel looking so well, and many an anxious glance was turned to behold the Bayard of India. He is a small man, with dark hair and moustache, and the eyes of a falcon, with gentleman and soldier stamped in every feature." In addition to his previous honors, his services in Oudh brought him a civil K.C.B. at the same time that a similar decoration was conferred on John Lawrence for his services in the Punjab. To Outram this honor was enhanced by the farewell letter from Point de Galle, in which his retiring chief announced the distinction. "It is some comfort to me for other mortifications," wrote Lord Dalhousie, "that I am able, by the Gazette which I found here, to hail you as Sir James Outram before I cease to sail under the Company's flag. . . . As long as I live I shall remember with genuine pleasure our official connection, and shall hope to retain your personal friendship. A letter now and then when you can find time would be a great gratification to me." The strain of his duties in Oudh told severely upon a constitution already shattered by hard service and climate, and Outram had again to take leave to England in the hot weather of 1856. He had learned wisdom from previous experience, and kept aloof as much as possible from the discussions of the India House. He had risen greatly in the estimation of the directors since his late successes in Baroda and Oudh, and might calculate upon the best things the Court had to bestow. But his health was still in an unsatisfactory condition, and he seems for some time to have been doubtful whether he would again be able to return to the East. His cure, however, is said to have been effected in this fashion:—

On the determination of the government to declare war against Persia, Colonel Sykes, then an East Indian Director, went to Outram, who was lying ill at Brighton. "I am glad to see you," said the sick man, "for it may be the last time." "I am sorry for that," said the colonel, "for I had come to tell you that we had decided to offer you the command of the expedition against Persia." "What! Persia?" exclaimed Outram; "I'll go to-morrow."

The anecdote is at least *ben trovato*; and Outram's ailments were certainly soon forgotten in the bustle of preparations for taking up his command. The story of Outram's Persian campaign has

been already told at length in the columns of this magazine by one of his brave companions, and we must refer the reader to that paper\* for a just and succinct summary. He was preceded in the field by General Stalker, who had carried Bushire and destroyed the magazine at Chahkote before his chief could arrive. Outram's biographer gives us to understand that the general was anxious that his old friend should have the credit of reducing Bushire before he himself appeared on the field. The other magazine, Borasjun, awaited Outram's arrival. His march against this village resulted in the cavalry and artillery battle of Kooshab, at the commencement of which Outram was stunned by a fall from his horse, when his place was ably supplied by Colonel Lugard, his chief of the staff, until, as he says in a letter to the governor-general, "the noise of the commencement of the contest brought me to my senses." Havelock, whose name was destined to be coupled with that of Outram in a still more memorable campaign, joined the force with his division in the middle of February; and the attack was then carried out upon Mohummra, which Outram had resolved to make from the time that he assumed the command. This strong position, which was situated on a branch of the Shatel-Arab, was attacked by steamers and sloops of war; and the only argument that could prevent Outram from exposing himself in the leading ship, was the plea that his presence might deprive the commodore and the Indian navy of their due share of credit. The "Scindian" in which he sailed came, however, under heavy fire, and a musket-ball was prevented from striking his foot by a *hookah* which fortunately happened to be in the way. Although the Persians numbered nearly four to one, the batteries were carried, and their force entirely routed, with a very trifling loss on our side. The Persians halted at Ahwaz, a town a hundred miles up the Karun River, whence a force under Captain Hunt of the 78th Highlanders quickly dislodged them. Outram himself, writing in testimony of the gallantry of his troops on this occasion, says:—

A more daring feat is not on record, perhaps, than that of a party of three hundred infantry, backed by three small river boats,

\* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xc., September 1861 — "The Persian War of 1856-57," by the late lieutenant-general J. A. Ballard, C.B., whose lamented death, within the present year, deprived the Royal (Bombay) Engineers of one of their ablest and most cultured officers.

following up an army of eight thousand men, braving it by opening fire and deliberately landing and destroying the men, magazines, and capturing one of his guns in the face of his entire army, and actually compelling that army to fly before them, and occupying for three whole days the position they had compelled the enemy to vacate!

This daring feat, at which Outram was as much elated as if it had been carried out by himself, really closed the Persian war. The news of peace reached the general along with the intelligence of the success at Ahwaz. Victorious as we had been, the war had closed for us not a minute too soon, for the elements of mutiny were already making their appearance in northern India, and the time was at hand when only the presence of such men as Outram in their own provinces could save British rule in the East from extinction.

Outram returned in all haste to Bombay on the summons of government. He was covered with fresh honors, and now wore the Grand Cross of the Bath; but we may readily believe that the tidings which reached him before sailing from Bushire, of the narrow escape of his wife and son from the mutineers at Allyghur, was a more heartfelt source of congratulation; but he was still on "the tenter-hooks" to hear if they continued in safety at Agra.

We now come to that portion of Outram's career which it would be needless to recapitulate in detail. His name, with those of Lord Clyde and Havelock, occupies the central point of the history of the Sepoy war; and if his services met with a less meed than befell those of his distinguished chief, we are to remember that Outram enjoyed even the greater honor of having sacrificed his own chances to swell the glory of Havelock. But looking back to the whole campaign, from the day that he took up his command at Dinapore down to the final capture of Lucknow, it will be readily admitted that no single officer contributed more to the suppression of the mutiny than Sir James Outram. He brought to the task all the qualities of an experienced and successful general; his personal daring warmed into enthusiasm all the troops with whom he came in contact; while his native energy successfully battled against the overwhelming difficulties by which he was surrounded. With marvellous celerity he put Behar in a position of safety, and pushed on to assist Havelock in the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow. In those days he was as hot for vengeance

as Neill himself, though his views subsequently veered to the other extreme. "Proclaim at Cawnpore," he writes to Havelock on his march up, "that for every Christian woman and child maltreated at Lucknow an Oudh noble shall be hanged." He had already informed Havelock that he did not design to deprive him of the glory of relieving the residency, but would join him in his capacity of chief commissioner and serve as a volunteer. It was not once or even twice that Outram had made similar sacrifices for the sake of his brothers-in-arms, but this splendid instance of self-denial eclipsed all the others. The episode has been worthily chosen for the central device of the magnificent shield presented to him by his own presidency.

The meeting between Havelock and Outram took place on the morning of September 15th, and the first charge of the latter was to demit his rights as senior officer. The governor-general had heard of the proposal, and expressed himself "in the warmest terms of admiration." We cannot say, however, that the necessary division of responsibility and of views was not without its disadvantages; but this arose more from the nature of things than from any wish that Outram had to influence the other general. As the chief of the volunteer cavalry Outram was in his element, and he led the charge at Mangalwar, which materially aided Havelock in making good his position after crossing the Ganges, with a stout cudgel in his hand. On the advance from the Alum Bagh, his knowledge of Lucknow "mainly, if not solely, enabled the column to thread its way through the streets, especially intricate near the residency. The final attack had not been ventured on without differences of opinion between the generals, but Outram gallantly did his best to contribute to the success of the day. Outram would have halted at the Chattr Munzil when night fell, but Havelock was impatient to carry the goal; and the other would not balk him."

Onward went the gallant and devoted band — Highlanders and Sikhs — with Havelock and Outram at their head. Neill and the Madras Fusiliers followed, charging through a very tempest of fire. The Baillie Guard was reached, the garrison was saved; but the cost was heavy. Neill fell like a true soldier, shot through the head; while of the entire force of about two thousand one-fourth were killed and wounded. The rear-guard, with many wounded, remained at the Moti Mahal, be-

yond which they were unable to pass until extricated by a force sent out the following day. In the words of the despatch, "Sir James Outram received a flesh-wound in the arm in the early part of the action near Char Bagh, but nothing could subdue his spirit; and though faint from loss of blood, he continued to the end of the action to sit on his horse, which he only dismounted at the gate of the residency."

Thus was the residency relieved, or rather reinforced, for the masses of rebels soon again closed round the British position, which but for its strength in numbers and store of provision and *matériel*, would soon have been in as great straits as the glorious little garrison. Retirement in the presence of so overwhelming a hostile force as that which hovered about them was hopeless, and from September 25th to November 22d Outram had to hold his ground against a constant series of attacks until the arrival of the commander-in-chief. He has been blamed for having, by his urgent representations, hurried Sir Colin Campbell away from Cawnpore, and thus prevented the previous dispersion of the Gwalior contingent. Upon this point we may possibly receive fuller information when Major General Shadwell's forthcoming "Life of Lord Clyde" appears. But that the Lucknow garrison was critically placed is manifested by the fact that Outram's last gun-bullock was killed on the day he and Campbell met at the Moti Mahal. His letters also rebut the charge that he had placed the safety of his position before the dispersion of the Gwalior force. On the commander-in-chief's arrival the residency was silently evacuated by a movement which Lord Clyde pronounced to be a model of discipline and exactness, but Outram afterwards publicly disclaimed the credit in favor of his chief. "The withdrawal of the Lucknow garrison," Outram himself says, "the credit of which is assigned to Sir James, was planned by Lord Clyde, and effected under the protection of the troops immediately under his lordship's command, Sir James Outram merely carrying out his chief's orders." Lord Clyde, in his despatches, has on his part given Outram the honor of both planning and executing the evacuation; so we may fairly suppose that the credit of the movement is divisible between them.

With regard to the course to be next followed the generals were divided. Outram wished to attack the Kaiser Bagh and town, and hold the city after turning out the rebels. Sir Colin preferred to move to an open position outside the

town without further loss of life. The governor-general, to whom reference was made by telegraph, took Sir Colin's view; and Outram was consequently left at the Alum Bagh to hold the city in check from November 27th to the end of the following February. We need not go over the incidents of his gallant stand upon this position, or of his subsequent movements across the Goomtec, which have been fully described in Sir Hope Grant's journals. We shall better employ our remaining space to give the following personal reminiscence of him while at the Alum Bagh:—

His care for the soldiers, consideration for brother officers, and abnegation of self, were then, as throughout his career, proverbial; and anecdotes no doubt abound in illustration of these prominent features in his character at this period. At the residency, we are told that, on one occasion, when the scarcity of provisions for the mere sustenance of life necessitated a strict frugality on the part of all ranks, his indignation was aroused at the unexpected offer of an exceptionally luxurious meal. The soldier-butcher had begged his acceptance of the heart and liver, or other delicate portions of the internal economy of a bullock, in addition to the ration of meat for the day. Now such a proposal was, in his opinion, simply outrageous; the idea that *he*, of all others in the camp, should be selected as the recipient of a kind of modified *Khatpat*, was too horrible to contemplate: nothing would satisfy him but to place the culprit under arrest! But a little after inquiry into the matter elicited the fact that the proffered dainties were the legitimate perquisites of the well-inclined butcher, who was at liberty to dispose of them as he liked, and had as much right to offer them to the general commanding as to the junior subaltern among his officers. The poor man was therefore released with a kindly apology.

There was always a thorough feeling of *camaraderie* between Outram and his troops, which enabled him to call out the enthusiasm of the men whenever there was occasion; and though at times he could be a severe disciplinarian, he gratified them by showing an unusual amount of confidence with regard to what was going on around them.

A general officer thus illustrates this latter trait: "Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of Sir James to all under his command, of whatever rank. Whilst in camp at Alum Bagh, when we visited the outlying pickets, who do not turn out to pay compliments, the men would all come forward to meet the general and salute him. They would come up and pat his charger, and ask him if he had any news. On one occasion a *co ssid*



had brought him some welcome intelligence: he said to me, 'I will tell you shortly'—and we galloped off. When surrounded by the men he pulled the letter out of his pocket and read out to us all the report of one of Sir Colin's victories over the rebels. He then turned to me and said, 'I wanted to be the first to let these fine fellows have the good news.' His kindness and attention to the sick and wounded were very great."

The appointment of military member in the Viceroy's Council called Outram away to Calcutta before the campaign was finally over, and he was destined to take part in the great questions that were being discussed affecting the transfer of the government from the Company to the crown. He filled this post for two years, from May 1858 to July 1860, but all the time he was struggling with failing health and against a constitution worn out with toil, care, and hardships. He returned home to be literally crushed with honors, for he had scarcely strength to appear in public to make acknowledgments for the addresses, testimonials, and thanks which were proffered to him. He moved about hither and thither in search of restored strength, but he was worn out. An attack of bronchitis at Nice hastened his end, and he died peacefully in his chair on March 11, 1863. His mother had only predeceased him by a few weeks, having lived to witness the full fruition of her son's triumphs.

A character like that of Outram is much more easily summed up than his career. He died a comparatively young man, but he had enjoyed the "crowded hour of glorious life," which requires volumes to describe it adequately. Outram's nature, however, lay on the surface, and could be read at a glance. Brave to recklessness, where he was personally concerned, cautious and prudent where the lives of others were in question; self-sacrificing for himself, hotly jealous in behalf of the interest of his friends and followers; animated by high ideas, which he often carried to the verge of Quixotry, and which, as we have seen, brought him too frequently into collision with the authorities and with routine—a gallant, loving, and generous nature,—James Outram stands forth in our days as the true representative of the chevalier, whose name has been added to his own. He was, indeed, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. It is noteworthy that on his last departure from India, when he broke up his little stock of books among the soldiers' libraries, he carried away with him his copies of Froissart and Monstrelet.

We share Sir Francis Goldsmid's regret that Sir John Kaye did not live to fulfil his purpose of writing a life of Outram. Since Kaye's death, Anglo-Indian biography seems to have fallen upon evil days. No career in the present century affords ampler materials for a picturesque memoir than that of Outram. But Sir Francis Goldsmid has given us a biography, which, but for its subject, would certainly have been tedious reading, and of which the chief value is the ample material it affords for forming an independent opinion apart from the biographer's reflections. It would require the pen of the genial canon of Chimay or of Sir Walter Scott to write a life of Outram worthy of such a *preux chevalier*.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
HYPNOTISM.\*

CONSIDERING the length of time that so-called "animal magnetism," "mesmerism," or "electro-biology" has been before the world, it is a matter of surprise that so inviting a field of physiological inquiry should have been so long allowed to lie fallow. A few scientific men in France and Germany have indeed, from time to time, made a few observations on what Preyer has called the "kataplectic state" as artificially induced in human beings and sundry species of animals; but anything resembling a systematic investigation of the remarkable facts of mesmerism has not hitherto been attempted by any physiologist in our generation. The scientific world will therefore give a more than usually hearty welcome to a treatise which has just been published upon the subject by a man so eminent as Heidenhain. The research of which this treatise is the outcome is in every way worthy of its distinguished author; for it serves not only to present a considerable and systematic body of carefully observed facts, but also to lead the way for an indefinite amount of further inquiry along the lines that it has opened up.

Heidenhain conducted his investigations on medical men and students as his subjects, one of them being his brother. He found that in the first or least profound stage of hypnotism, the patient, on being awakened, can remember all that hap-

\* *Der sogenannte thierische Magnetismus.* Physiologische Beobachtungen, von Dr. RUDOLF HEIDENHAIN, ord. Professor der Physiologie und Director der physiologischen Institute zu Breslau. Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig, 1880.

pened during the state of mesmeric sleep; on awakening from the second or more profound stage, the patient can only partially recollect what has happened; while in the third, or most profound stage, all power of subsequent recollection is lost. But during even the most profound stage, the power of sensory perception remains. The condition of the patient is then the same, so far as the reception of sensory impressions is concerned, as that of a man whose attention is absorbed or distracted; he sees sights, hears sounds, etc., without *knowing* that he sees or hears them, and he cannot afterwards recollect the impressions that were made. But the less profound stages of hypnotism are paralleled by those less profound conditions of reverie in which a passing sight or sound, although not noticed at the time, may be subsequently recalled by an effort of the will. Further on in his treatise Heidenhain tells us that even when all memory of what has passed during the hypnotic state is absent on awakening, it may be aroused by giving the patient a clue, just as in the case of a forgotten dream. This clue may consist only of a single word in a sentence. Thus, for instance, if a line of poetry is read to a patient during his sleep, the whole line may sometimes be recalled to his memory, when awake, by repeating a single word of the line. Again, we know from daily experience that the most complicated neuro-muscular actions — such as those required for piano-playing — become by frequent repetition “mechanical,” or performed without consciousness of the processes by which the result is achieved. So it is in the case of hypnotism. Actions which have been previously rendered mechanical by long habit are, in the state of hypnotism, performed automatically in response to their appropriate stimuli. There being a strong tendency to imitate movements, these appropriate stimuli may consist in the operator himself performing the movements. Thus when Heidenhain held his fist before his hypnotized subject's face, his subject immediately imitated the movement; when he opened his hand, the subject did the same, provided that his hand was visible to his subject at the time. Also, when he clattered his teeth, the hypnotized patient repeated the movement, even though the patient could only hear, and not see, the movement; similarly, the patient would follow him about the room, provided that in walking he made sufficient noise to constitute a stimulus to automatic walking on

the part of his patient. In order to constitute stimuli to such automatic movements, the sounds of gestures must stand in some such customary relation to the movements, that the occurrence of the former naturally suggests the latter.

Another characteristic of the hypnotic state is that of an extraordinary exaltation of sensibility, so that stimuli of various kinds, though much too feeble to evoke any response in the ordinary condition of the nervous system, are effective as stimuli in the hypnotic condition. It is remarkable that this state of exalted sensibility should be accompanied by what appears to be a lowered, or even a dormant, state of consciousness. It is also remarkable that this exaltation of sensibility does not appear to take place with what may be called a proportional reference to all kinds of stimuli. Indeed, far from there being any such proportional reference, the greatly exalted state of sensibility towards slight stimuli is accompanied by a greatly diminished state of excitability towards strong stimuli. Thus, deeply hypnotized persons will allow themselves to be cut, or burned, or to have pins stuck into their flesh, without showing the smallest signs of discomfort. Heidenhain is careful to point out the interesting similarity, if not identity, between this condition and that which sometimes occurs in certain pathological derangements of the central nervous system, as well as in a certain stage of anæsthesia, wherein the patient is able to feel the contact of the surgical instruments, while quite insensible to any pain produced by the cutting of his flesh. Reflex sensibility, or sensibility conducting to reflex movements, also undergoes a change, and it does so in the direction of increase, as might be expected from the consideration that with the temporary abolition of consciousness the inhibitory influence, which we know the higher nerve centres to be capable of exerting upon the lower, is presumably suspended. But quite unanticipated is the remarkable fact that the state of exalted reflex excitability may persist for several days — perhaps for a week — after a man has been aroused from a state of profound hypnotism. Thus, Dr. Krener, after having been hypnotized by Professor Heidenhain, and while asleep made to bend his arm twice, for several days afterwards was unable again to straighten it, on account of the flexor muscles continuing in a state of tonic contraction, or cramp. In these experiments Heidenhain found that a

very gentle stimulation of the skin caused only the muscles lying immediately below the seat of stimulation to contract, and that on progressively increasing the strength of the stimulus its effect progressively spread to muscles and to muscle groups further and further removed from the seat of stimulation. It is interesting that this progressive spread of stimulation follows almost exactly Professor Pflüger's law of irradiation. But the rate at which a reflex excitation is propagated through the central nerve organs is very slow, as compared with the rapidity with which such propagation takes place in ordinary circumstances. Moreover, the muscles are prone to go into tonic contraction, rather than to respond to a stimulus in the ordinary way. The whole hypnotic condition thus so strongly resembles that of catalepsy, that Heidenhain regards the former as nothing other than the latter artificially induced. In the case of strong persons this tonic contraction of the muscles may make the body as stiff as a board, so that, if a man is supported in a horizontal position by his head and his feet only, one may stand upon his stomach without causing the body to yield. The rate of breathing has been seen by Heidenhain to be increased fourfold, and the pulse also to be accelerated, though not in so considerable a degree.

In a chapter on the conditions which induce the state of hypnotism, Heidenhain begins by dismissing all ideas of any special "force" as required to produce or to explain any of the phenomena which he has witnessed. He does not doubt that some persons are more susceptible than others to the influences which induce the hypnotic state, and he thinks that this susceptibility is greatest in persons of high nervous sensibility. These "influences" may be of various kinds; such as looking continuously at a small, bright object, listening continuously to a monotonous sound, submitting to be gently and continuously stroked upon the skin, etc.—the common peculiarity of all the influences which may induce the hypnotic state being that they are sensory stimuli of a gentle, continuous, and monotonous kind. Awakening may be produced by suddenly blowing upon the face, slapping the hand, screaming in the ear, etc., and even by the change of stimulus proceeding from the retina which is caused by a person other than the operator suddenly taking his place before the patient. On the whole, the hypnotic condition may be induced in susceptible persons by a feeble,

continued, and regular stimulation of the nerves of touch, sight, or hearing; and may be terminated by a strong or sudden change in the stimulation of these same nerves.

The physiological explanation of the hypnotic state which Heidenhain ventures to suggest, is that a stimulus of the kind just mentioned has the effect of inhibiting the functions of the cerebral hemispheres, in a manner analogous to that which is known to occur in several other cases which he quotes of ganglionic action being inhibited by certain kinds of stimuli operating upon their sensory nerves.

In a more recent paper, embodying the results of a further investigation in which he was joined by P. Grutzner, Heidenhain gives us the following supplementary information.

The muscles which are earliest affected are those of the eyelids; the patient is unable to open his closed eyes by any effort of his will. Next, the affection extends in a similar manner to the muscles of the jaw, then to the arms, trunk, and legs. But even when so many of the muscles of the body have passed beyond the control of the will, consciousness may remain intact. In other cases, however, the hypnotic sleep comes on earlier.

Imitative movements become more and more certain the more they are practised, so that at last they may be invariably and wonderfully precise, extending to the least striking or conspicuous of the changes of attitude and general movements of the operator. Professor Berger observed that when pressure is exerted with the hand at the nape of the neck upon the spinous process of the seventh cervical vertebra, the patient will begin to imitate spoken words. It is immaterial whether or not the words make sense, or whether they belong to a known or to an unknown language. The tone in which the imitation is made varies greatly in different individuals, but for the same individual is always constant. In one case it was a hollow tone, "like a voice from the grave;" in another almost a whisper, and so on. In all cases, however, the tone is continued in one kind, *i.e.*, it is monotonous. Further experiments showed that pressure on the nape of the neck was not the only means whereby imitative speaking could be induced, but that the latter would follow with equal certainty and precision if the experimenter spoke against the nape of the neck—especially if he directed his words upon it by means of a sound-fun-

nel. A similar result followed if the words were directed against the pit of the stomach. It followed with less certainty when the words were directed against the larynx or into the open mouth, and the patient remained quite dumb when the words were directed into his ear, or upon any other part of his head. If a tuning-fork were substituted for the voice, the note of the fork would be imitated by the patient when the end of the fork was placed on any of the situations just mentioned as sensitive. By exploring the pit of the stomach with a tuning-fork, the sensitive area was found to begin about an inch below the breast-bone, and from thence to extend for about two inches downwards and about the same distance right and left from the middle line, while the navel, breast-bone, ribs, etc., were quite insensitive. Heidenhain seeks—though not, we think, very successfully—to explain this curious distribution of areas sensitive to sound, by considerations as to the distribution of the vagus nerve.

Next we have a chapter on the subjection of the intellectual faculties to the will of the operator which is manifested by persons when in a state of hypnotism. For the manifestation of these phenomena the sleep must be less profound than that which is required for producing imitative movements; in this stage of hypnotism the experimenter has not only the motor mechanism on which to operate, but likewise the imagination. "Artificial hallucinations" may be produced to any extent by rehearsing to the patient the scenes or events which it may be desired to make him imagine. A number of interesting details of particular cases are given, but we have only space to repeat one of the most curious. A medical student, when hypnotized in the morning, had a long and consecutive dream, in which he imagined that he had gone to the Zoological Gardens, that a lion had broken loose, that he was greatly terrified, etc. On the evening of the same day he was again hypnotized, and again had exactly the same dream. Lastly, at night, while sleeping normally, the dream was a third time repeated.

A number of experiments proved that stimulation of certain parts of the skin of hypnotized persons is followed by certain reflex movements. For instance, when the skin of the neck between the fourth and seventh cervical vertebræ is gently stroked with the finger, the patient emits a peculiar sighing sound. The

similarity of these reflex movements to those which occur in the well-known "croak experiment" of Goltz is pointed out.

A number of other experiments proved that unilateral hypnotism might be induced by gently and repeatedly stroking one side or other of the head and forehead. The resulting hypnotism manifested itself on the side opposite to that which was stroked, and affected both the face and limbs. When the left side of the head was stroked, there further resulted all the phenomena of aphasia, which was not the case when the right side of the head was stroked. When both sides of the head were stroked, all the limbs were rendered cataleptic, but aphasia did not result. On placing the arms in Mosso's apparatus for measuring the volume of blood, it was found that when one arm was hypnotized by the unilateral method, its volume of blood was much diminished, while that of the other arm was increased, and that the balance was restored as soon as the cataleptic condition passed off. In these experiments consciousness remained unaffected, and there were no disagreeable sensations experienced by the patient. In some instances, however, the above results were equivocal, catalepsy occurring on the same side as the stroking, or sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. In all cases of unilateral hypnotism, the side affected as to motion is also affected as to sensation. Sense of temperature under these circumstances remains intact long after sense of touch has been abolished. As regards special sensation, the eye on the hypnotized side is affected both as to its mechanism of accommodation and its sense of color. While color-blind to "objective colors," the hypnotized eye will see "subjective colors" when it is gently pressed and the pressure suddenly removed. Moreover, if a dose of atropin be administered to it, and if it be then from time to time hypnotized while the drug is gradually developing its influence, the color-sense will be found to be undergoing a gradual change. In the first stage yellow appears grey with a bluish tinge, in the second stage pure blue, in the third blue with a yellowish tinge, and in the fourth yellow with a light bluish tinge. The research concludes with some experiments which show that in partly hypnotized persons imitative movements take place involuntarily, and persist until interrupted by a direct effort of the will. From this fact

Heidenhain infers that the imitative movements which occur in the more profound stages of hypnotism are purely automatic, or involuntary.

In concluding this brief sketch of Heidenhain's interesting results, it is desirable to add that in most of them he has been anticipated by the experiments of Braid. Braid's book is now out of print, and as it is not once alluded to by Heidenhain, we must fairly suppose that he has not read it. But we should be doing scant justice to this book if we said merely that it anticipated nearly all the observations above mentioned. It has done much more than this. In the vast number of careful experiments which it records—all undertaken and prosecuted in a manner strictly scientific—it carried the inquiry into various provinces which have not been entered by Heidenhain. Many of the facts which that inquiry yielded appear, *a priori*, to be almost incredible; but, as their painstaking investigator has had every one of his results confirmed by Heidenhain so far as the latter physiologist has prosecuted his researches, it is but fair to conclude that the hitherto unconfirmed observations deserve to be repeated. No one can read Braid's work without being impressed by the care and candor with which, amid violent opposition from all quarters, his investigations were pursued; and now, when, after a lapse of nearly forty years, his results are beginning to receive the confirmation which they deserve, the physiologists who yield it ought not to forget the credit that is due to the earliest, the most laborious, and the hitherto most extensive investigator of the phenomena of what he called hypnotism.

G. J. ROMANES.

From Temple Bar.

#### LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In my last I promised you my next letter should treat particularly of Turkish women and life in the harem. The subject is a delicate and painful one—I must not probe too deeply, nor extend my survey too far, or I should shock you immensely and disgust you more. I can but skim the surface of the dark waters that hide so much moral deformity, and present you with a picture or two from the numerous tableaux that illustrate many a dark tragedy.

How the advance of civilization in Tur-

key can be sanely looked for while women occupy the place of slaves, is one of those problems I leave it to philanthropists to solve. The widespread belief out here is, that no radical regeneration of the young can take place while the parent stock remains.

But first as to Turkish beauties, about whom so much has been written and so little really known. Are they indeed the houris we have been taught to consider them? Are they the timid, gentle, gazelle-like partners of their jealous lords? Alas! poets and dramatists have very much misled us: their chief beauty is in the mystery that surrounds them; and the closer we see them, both physically and morally, the less do we admire.

In general they have oval faces, clear olive skins, languishing dark eyes, and beautiful hands soft as velvet and white as snow—beyond this, nothing. They lack the natural grace and pretty coquetry of our Levantine belles, and the firm tread, elegant manners, and becoming modesty of European women. Their figures are clumsy, their features somewhat harsh, their lips full and often thick; they walk with a roll (their legs being bowed), and even their natural attractions depend more or less upon artificial aid. They thickly powder their faces, blacken their brows and dye their eyelids and lashes, so that when half veiled by the *yashmak* screen, they are certainly striking and present a dazzling effect; but under other circumstances most of them would pass unobserved.

Many of the children are beautiful, with round, rosy, plump faces and golden brown hair; their dress is, however, frightful and ridiculous: they wear wide pantaloons, and long skirts of some outrageous color (often yellow), badly-fitting shoes, and a smartly colored cap perched on the top of their heads. The *yashmak* (or veil) worn by Turkish women was formerly made of thick muslin and completely hid the features.

A fold passes over the mouth, under the chin, and is carried up over the ears; a still wider fold encircles the forehead, leaving the eyes alone uncovered, the whole surmounting a gaily colored little headdress which is joined on to the hair at the back.

Nowadays the *yashmak* is often composed of the finest tarlatan, so that the whole of the features are clearly visible, and much of the illusion respecting Turkish beauty has consequently been dispelled.



It has been well remarked that the young and pretty women wear the veil loosely, and of the thinnest material, while the old and ugly bandage up their faces with jealous care as though fearful of the admiring glances of the profane. The want of fresh air and exercise, an inordinate love of sweet food, etc., destroy their health, and at thirty a Turkish *haurun* is careworn, wrinkled, and often a confirmed invalid.

But the Turkish children, you will ask; they at least may be taught better things? Alas! here is the saddest question of all. Many of the advanced Turks now give their girls a taste of Frank life. Either they engage European governesses for their education or they send them to a Christian school to get a smattering of the French and English languages. But at twelve years of age this education ceases abruptly. They are then shut up, their countenances no longer visible to men, and in a few years are married to some one whom probably they have never seen. The one panacea the law has bestowed on married women is *divorce*. If not content with her husband, she may leave him, and take another, and another, although to her only *one* is permitted at a time.

At five or six years of age the Turkish boy is taken out of his mother's hands, and put under the control of men. He no longer does her any obedience, and in many cases hardly distinguishes her from the other females composing the harem. A few years later he passes at once from the gross ignorance of the child to the full demands of manhood; at seventeen or eighteen a wife is given him, and his mother exercises over her and his offspring an authority to which he himself was never subject. Such is the Turkish custom.

The wife herself is in no case treated as the friend or companion of her husband. They never talk, go out, visit, or eat together. They have separate apartments both for day and night. The husband's male friends are never admitted into the women's apartments, nor of course do female visitors ever intrude into the men's. The women pass their time in dressing, gossiping, frequenting the bath, or in paying and receiving visits among themselves. Smoking is of course their universal *passe-temps*.

One other diversion remains (dear to the female heart of all nations)—*shopping*; and I assure you this is made no light business in this country. It is a

most amusing sight to see a company of Turkish women at the bazaars, bargaining, coaxing, abusing the vendor of some coveted article (which they never intend to buy). Many a tedious hour is doubtless thus whiled away. The Turkish wife has naturally not much affection for her husband; she is treated as part of his goods and chattels and demeans herself accordingly. His theory being that the most exemplary wife would betray her husband had she but the opportunity, she does not care to prove the contrary, and accepts the status assigned her as she accepts her fate.

Her love of scandal, her proneness to intrigue, her hatred and jealousy of Christian women, are the natural outcomings of such a narrowed life. Tyrannized over by her mother-in-law, in turns caressed and neglected by her capricious lord, lightly esteemed by her children, pitied or hated by her slaves and attendants, and not finding in her religion a shadow of comfort or support, can we be surprised that such an unhappy being should sow dissensions in her family and be the fruitful source of much misery and crime?

Perhaps the most striking fact to a stranger is the little interest Turkish women seem to inspire among the gallant population of our city. But such strangers are perhaps unaware of the danger of a word or even of a look; a prolonged gaze into the carriage of a *grande dame Turque* may provoke the ire of an attendant eunuch and cause him to lay about right and left the heavy whip with which he is often provided: but the greatest danger lies in the treacherous encouragement of the *grande dame* herself.

Some years ago a Monsieur B—, a young Frenchman of this town, became enamored of one of these veiled Junos, whose soft glances seemed to reveal a reciprocal passion.

Day after day he awaited her carriage at a corner of the principal thoroughfare, and day after day the bewitching eyes drew him caressingly to his doom. Still no words were exchanged. Monsieur B— became more and more infatuated, and in spite of the warnings of his friends he determined to carry on the intrigue to the end, whatever that might be. Patiently he bided his time and his opportunity, nor were they long in presenting themselves. He was rewarded one day by seeing a tiny jewelled hand drop a billet from the carriage window, which fluttered all unnoticed to his feet.

Seizing the paper the enraptured

Frenchman hurriedly deciphered the few words therein inscribed. The lady proposed a meeting for that same evening in the obscure corner of a large cemetery. Monsieur B——, who had patiently borne the quizzing of his friends, now informed them of the progress of his adventure. He was again warned against pursuing it farther; but he laughed at the idea of danger and, accompanied by a friend, repaired to the rendezvous at the appointed hour. He was presently accosted by a sable servant, exceedingly well dressed, who politely invited him to follow.

The two friends turned into a deserted street and arrived at a small door which led through a covered yard to a second entrance. This their guide unlocked, and made a sign for Monsieur B——'s friend to retire. All was silence and darkness around; the servant's black eyes seemed to glance with malice; and, moved by an undefined fear, the friend again implored Monsieur B—— to return.

"Bah!" returned this gentleman, "it is too late; besides, what is there to fear when things are managed so easily?"

The door closed upon the audacious Frenchman, but the fears of his friends were prophetic—he *was never seen by them again*.

Many attempts were made to learn his fate, and large bribes were freely given for this object. A hint was received that he had been conveyed beyond the frontier, but all trace of him was lost, and no further clue was ever obtained as to his disappearance. One or two of such adventures are enough to damp the ardor of the boldest Lovelace, and unfortunately other examples have not been wanting.

The following story was related to me by a lady who personally knew some of the parties concerned. A certain rich Turk, somewhat past middle age, whom I will call Selim Bey, occupied a handsome palace at Stamboul. His first wife had died, leaving him with two children who at an early age had been put under the charge of a young English lady, a Miss Blackley, who with them occupied a suite of apartments in the bey's palace. The bey's second wife (for he had but one) was a handsome, passionate woman, whose extravagant caprices were the cause of continual scandals, and who, it was reported, domineered over the too easy nature of her lord. On one or two occasions, Hourrem Hanoum had prayed Miss Blackley to deliver certain letters to

their destination (for the latter was in the habit of leaving the palace on Sundays and other *fête* days); but Miss Blackley, not wishing to be made a party to any clandestine correspondence, had hitherto excused herself, though, at the same time, she had avoided any open rupture with the Hanoum.

One evening she was surprised by the sudden entrance into her apartment of Hourrem's favorite slave, named Adévié. Bathed in tears, she bitterly complained of the ill-usage of her mistress, declaring she felt ready to faint. Miss Blackley soothed her as she would have tried to soothe a child, and sought to calm her excitement by giving her a potion, which soon had the desired effect.

The girl, in a sudden burst of contrition, then exclaimed: "Will you tell the English pacha not to come here tonight?"

"What English pacha?" exclaimed Miss Blackley, astounded.

"The tall, fair Englishman with the golden beard. He will come here tonight, for they have sent him a rope and a key; but to-morrow they will put the rope round his neck, shave his head and his beard, and, dressing him in women's clothes, they will lead him outside the city on to the hills, and there beat him like a dog."

The astonished Miss Blackley, by adroit questioning, convinced herself of the truth of this statement, and soon mastered the whole plot. An Englishman, seduced by Hourrem's soft glances, had had the imprudence to accept her invitation to the palace, and at nine o'clock that evening was to open a door in the outer garden wall, the key of which had been conveyed to him. Her majordomo (whom she had won by a bribe) was to meet him there, and then escort him to her apartments. After some hours of amusement and feasting, he was to be made the laughing-stock of herself and her women by being treated in the way described by the slave, and finally he was to be given over to the tender mercies of Youssouf (a powerful eunuch) and conveyed at early dawn to the bare hills of Fundoucli.

It was now eight o'clock, and but one short hour remained for Miss Blackley to think and act. She was horror-struck at the probable fate of her countryman, for she knew that evil passions once aroused may be carried to the verge of madness, and she dared not surmise what might

happen should the golden-bearded Englishman dare to offer any resistance to his tormentors.

But how was she to circumvent their designs? Not a single way of escape seemed open. The minutes passed and her bewildered mind could plan no remedy. She took a desperate resolution. Summoning her private attendant, she sent him to beg the bey to grant her an immediate interview. Fortunately the bey consented, and in a few more moments she found herself in his presence. Summoning all her courage she briefly related to him the details of the plot, and besought him to have pity on her countryman.

The bey listened in ominous silence. After a long interval he abruptly exclaimed: "By Allah! the son of a dog shall die."

Roused to a terrible fear by these coldly pronounced words, Miss Blackley seized the bey's hand, which she kissed distractedly, and pleaded eloquently on the stranger's behalf. She reminded the bey of the length of time she had been under his roof; of the care she had had of his children; of the few demands she had made on his generosity — "for *her* sake" she entreated the Englishman might be spared.

After another painful pause the bey replied: "They say that Englishwomen are cold; it is false. When it is to win the favor of a handsome young lover, they grow warm as summer's noon."

Miss Blackley felt the implied reproach, but not allowing herself to be turned from her purpose she answered promptly: "I never wish to see this young man, nor do I even know his name, but as we are of the same nation his honor is not indifferent to me; for that reason I trusted to your generosity, and believed that you would pardon the crime that, owing to me, he will not have committed!"

The bey was struck. He lifted his hand in token of acquiescence. "*Pêkê, pêkê*" (very well), "the young man shall sup with me instead of with Hourrem. I promise you a hair of his head shall not be harmed. I will send him back from whence he came, but I hope he will have learned not to meddle with the wives of other men again."

Miss Blackley warmly thanked the bey, and then precipitately withdrew, fearing the pardon might be revoked.

The night passed tranquilly enough, and Miss Blackley might have thought the whole affair akin to a midsummer night's dream, but for two attendant circumstances.

The next day Selim Bey sent a most exquisitely embroidered purse, full of gold pieces, to the young lady who had saved the harem from scandal and relied so flatteringly on his generosity; and though the present caused a blush to rise to her cheeks, my countrywoman behaved with no little delicacy and tact. She wrote the bey a few polite lines in French in which she thanked him for his liberality; and enclosing the money in a little bag, she begged him to distribute the sum among the poor and distressed in Stamboul in her name. "The purse," she added, "shall ever be prized as a souvenir of your magnanimity to my countryman and your generosity to me." About a week after these events a characteristic letter was put into Miss Blackley's hands.

"ADEN, June 3rd.

"Mr. E. Jones presents his warmest thanks to Miss Blackley for the kind manner in which she interested herself on his behalf. He regrets that Selim Bey insisted on his immediate departure from Constantinople, or he would have paid his respects in person. He will ever remember her name with gratitude, and at some future time (however distant the day) should she be in want of a friend, he sincerely hopes she will communicate with E. Jones, at the banking firm of S —, City, London."

If Mr. E. Jones should recognize himself as the hero of this story, I hope he will forgive its publication as freely as he was therein forgiven.

One word of caution would I add as a postscript to this letter, the result of *my own* particular experience. Should you know of any adventurous damsel, anxious to test the truth of these harem stories, and fascinated by the accounts of the capricious generosity of the Turks, as also of well-filled purses to be had almost for nothing — dissuade her, as you love her, from entering upon such a demoralizing career. Rare is it indeed that the purest mind, constantly exposed to the contaminating influence of such surroundings, does not itself become defiled.

ENGLISHWOMAN.

From The Saturday Review.

## CHRISTIAN PILGRIM NOTE-PAPER.

SINCE the celebrated moral pocket-handkerchiefs of half a century ago, it may be doubted whether any invention of equal ingenuity has suggested itself to the mind of man until the device the name of which stands at the head of this article. Illustrated note-paper used at one time to be rather a favorite institution, especially in connection with watering-places. Some of it was comic; and everybody must remember the sheets which bore an engraving—borrowed, if we mistake not, from Leech—representing an unutterably hideous bathing-woman subjecting infants to watery tortures. More generally the scenery of the watering-place formed the heading—very neat rows of lodging-houses, with a church in the distance and a row of bathing-machines in the foreground, generally doing duty impartially enough for Hastings or Bognor, Broadstairs or Southsea. It is believed that stationery of this kind still flourishes; but the institution of monograms has rather cut the ground from under it. The Christian pilgrim note-paper which lies before us is an effort of a higher kind. Scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress" decorate the upper half of its obverse leaf, outlined in the manner of Retzsch. It is particularly interesting to observe that the curious costume generally associated with the Prince of Denmark and his friends is here adjusted to the personages of the famous allegory. All the male characters have those peculiar tight fleshings, belted very much at the waist, and surmounted by a neat little jerkin and an elegant cap and feather, which distinguish the inhabitants of Retzschland. Their swords hang at the same angle, and their moustaches have evidently been trimmed by the same artist in hair. Christian, indeed, is particularly like Horatio, and the scene where Pliable and Obstinate endeavor to mislead him, and where he breaks away from them, is for all the world like the German draughtsman's conception of Hamlet breaking away from his friends in search of the ghost. We only miss those very attractive gussets—is that the proper word?—*hauts-de-chausses* which sometimes diversify the fleshing arrangement. It is needless to observe that the Christian pilgrim note-paper is intended to do more than merely delight the letter-writer with pleasing views. It is intended to inspire

him with proper thoughts, to keep the verities of the Christian religion before his eyes, and, in short, to soften his manners and exercise a generally beneficial influence upon him. It is even suggested that by a cunning selection the drawings might be made appropriate to the subjects of the letter; though, as their number is decidedly limited and their connection with the ordinary affairs of life not obvious, the suggestion seems more well meant than practicable. Indeed the expectations of the effect of the Christian pilgrim note-paper entertained by its promoters and panegyrists strike a sober critic as, on the whole, enthusiastic. The *City Press* thinks that this note-paper will "lessen the difficulty" caused to missionaries by "the undue prominence given to abstruse disputations among Christians themselves." In short, though zealots may fight about doctrines and churches, he can't be wrong who is well provided with Christian pilgrim note-paper. This seems to partake of the error of fetishism. But it is proper to mention that the publisher of the note-paper does not seem to entertain quite such exalted views of his invention. He is, however, a practical man, and has taken a practical view of the matter. Having ascertained from "Whitaker's Almanac" that there are eighteen million Episcopalians, fourteen million Methodists, thirteen and a half million Roman Catholics among English-speaking peoples, and that Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, minor sects, and "no particular religion" divide the rest, he has sent a specimen of Christian pilgrim note-paper to representative persons of each persuasion. He has published the answers, and they make a collection which is, if possible, a greater curiosity than the note-paper itself.

The Épiscolians are represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by Mr. Daniel Wilson, a representation which is perhaps not altogether exhaustive. The archbishop is more cautious than he has sometimes shown himself in his correspondence, and commits himself only to the statement that the outline subjects are "very prettily done." Nor has he, so far as we have observed, in his recent visitation recommended Christian pilgrim note-paper as a means of promoting unity. So, too, the vicar of Islington contents himself with the statement that he "very much admires the new note-paper." This, it will be observed, is, like the archbishop's, a wholly æsthetic judgment,

and does not enter upon the question of the advantage of Christian pilgrim note-paper to missionaries, or of its efficacy as a healer of the wounds of Christendom. Cardinal Manning is much less guarded. He, too, is partially æsthetic, and considers the designs to be "executed with great skill and taste." But he goes further than this. He "considers the intention exceedingly good." This is complimentary, if nothing more. But there is much more. His Eminence thinks that the introduction of this note-paper "will be productive of much good," as it will "place higher and more Christian ideas before the minds of the world." The cardinal is rather well known as a crotcheteer from his temperance advocacy; but this enthusiasm for designs from the "Pilgrim's Progress," as "likely to be productive of much good," leaves his championship of water far behind. It should be noticed that his Eminence's comparatives are a little puzzling. The ideas suggested by Christian's tights, Pliable's feather, and the hornlets and winglets of a very pleasing fiend, who is shedding influence malign over Sloth, Ignorance, and Presumption, will place higher and more Christian ideas before the world. Higher than what? is the question that naturally suggests itself, and the answer is hardly clear. The Methodist fourteen millions are represented by the president of the Wesleyan Conference, who thinks the etchings beautiful and well fitted to promote the object stated in the advertisement. The object stated in the publisher's advertisement is, as far as we can make out, the perfectly legitimate and business-like one of selling the sheets of note-paper at so many for a shilling. But perhaps the president of the Wesleyan Conference adopts the sanguine views of the *City Press*, and thinks that the note-paper will be a convenient substitute for creeds and confessions. The moderator of the Synod of the "Presbyterian Church of England" is again a cautious man, and confines himself to the statement that he "honors the motive." The chairman of the Congregational Union is critical, not to say sententious. "If," says Dr. Allon, "'a song may win him who a sermon flies,' art may direct thought to religious things that could not be otherwise arrested." Why Dr. Allon should wish to arrest religious things we do not quite know. But perhaps it is the thought and not the things which are to be arrested, in which case

the chairman of the Congregational Union is in need of a few short lessons in English composition. However, Dr. Allon picks himself up again, and concludes with a laconic utterance worthy of Victor Hugo. "Bunyan," he says, "interprets all hearts." Therefore it is evident that the Christian pilgrim note-paper which interprets Bunyan is suitable for the communications of all hearts. Mr. Spurgeon's commendation and God-speed has a certain grimness about it. "I wish success," he says, "to everything that brings truth before thoughtless people." This limitation of the range of the Christian pilgrim note-paper seems a little unkind. The Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, having been spoken for by these great persons, there remain unaccounted for the Unitarians, the minor sects, and the "no particular religion" people. Perhaps the Rev. T. Freckleton of Unity Church is a Unitarian, though our acquaintance with his particular form of belief does not warrant us in pronouncing him to be such. He appears to be more strongly convinced than any other person of the probable effect of the Christian pilgrim note-paper in promoting the unity of Christendom. Judging by the arrangement, the minor sects are answered for by Mrs. Pennefather of Mildmay and the no-particular-religionists by Lord John Manners. This is certainly a libel on Lord John. As for the lady, we are in the same state of ignorance as we are with regard to the Rev. T. Freckleton. Mrs. Pennefather promises her good word to the enterprise, but Lord John Manners associates himself with it by making a suggestion for its further improvement. In the specimen engravings there is a legend under each, but not so on the note-paper, and the late postmaster-general would like to have it there too. Not very long ago it was Lord John's bounden duty to endeavor to increase the consumption of note-paper by all fair means, so as to swell her Majesty's revenue, and as the correspondence is undated, this may have been one of his efforts in his vocation.

It cannot be supposed that such a brilliant idea as that of the Christian pilgrim note-paper will be allowed to remain the exclusive property of Christianity. We should imagine that Cardinal Manning has already suggested to his temperance friends the propriety of following the



example. Note-paper with drunkards of the finest Cruikshankian type represented at the top would be quite in harmony with the general character of the movement, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson making his annual motion, Cardinal Manning leading temperance processions through the streets, and many other ennobling subjects suggest themselves as variations. From the temperance people the plan will naturally be borrowed by the anti-vaccinationists. For them a better heading can hardly be imagined than Mr. Dodson's celebrated group of the policeman, the tortured infant, the fiendish doctor, and the agonized mother. Perhaps some of the old plates, already referred to, representing the woes of infants at the hands of bathing-women, might be worked up for this purpose. The bathing-machine could be transformed into a surgery and the bathing-woman into a policeman with the greatest ease and with a certainty of success, while the infant, which, if we recollect aright, is very plump and squalls loudly, would be available without the slightest alteration. Indeed the capacities of illustrated note-paper are endless, and if the machinery is half so powerful as Cardinal Manning, Dr. Allon, and others of its panegyrists affirm, no earnest agitator can afford to neglect it. Even politics proper are not beyond its sphere, and it would be easy to give hints to any draughtsman for a striking and appropriate series of plates representing the chief performances of her Majesty's government during the past session. As for the Christian pilgrim note-paper itself, we very sincerely hope that it may produce all the good which its friends expect from it. No statistics, we believe, are available as to the actual improvement in morality produced by the use of moral pocket handkerchiefs; and it may not be easy to gauge the advances made towards the unity of Christendom by the employment of Christian pilgrim note-paper. But, as the representative men say, almost with one accord, the motive is excellent; and if thoughtful writers — or, as Mr. Spurgeon thinks more likely, thoughtless ones — find their tone becoming higher as a result of the contemplation of the tights and the feathers and the other belongings of these Christian pilgrims, why so much the better for them and for the publisher and for the world at large.

From The Examiner.

## A GLANCE AT THE JEWS OF ENGLAND.

## THEIR RETURN TO ENGLAND.

DURING the three centuries and a half that elapsed from the expulsion of the Israelites from this country in 1290 to the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, little was seen or heard of Jews or Judaism in Great Britain. For a prolonged period they must have been conspicuous by their absence. In course of time their spirit of enterprise and commercial instinct probably led them again to these shores. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Jews were known to come over to England, and the queen herself engaged the services of a Hebrew physician, Rodrigo Lopez, after the fashion of other eminent potentates of the day. Lopez was accused of an attempt to poison his royal mistress. He was tried, found guilty, and executed, though the evidence against him in the present day would scarcely conduce to the conviction of a pickpocket. Lopez being a Jew, that offence rendered his participation in crimes, real or imaginary, far more easily established. Israelites continued occasionally to arrive in England, though their visits, like those of angels, were few and far between. They probably despatched their business and departed, and their presence as Jews was not in any way recognized. Their religious ceremonies were not tolerated; they possessed no place appropriated for public worship; and if any of them died during a sojourn here his bones rested side by side with the remains of Gentiles. Judaism had neither a local habitation nor a name within the British Islands for over three and a half centuries before the advent of Oliver Cromwell. At the time of the Commonwealth the Jews of Holland, many of whom were of Spanish and Portuguese descent, desired to open a larger field for commercial adventure than could be found in the Dutch cities. They had heard the fame of English wealth and liberality; the few Jews who were personally acquainted with England gave a glowing account of the country, and the Hebrew authorities of Amsterdam ventured to address the Lord Protector, who graciously gave them permission to depute an agent to plead their cause. Oliver Cromwell was prepared to receive favorably the application of the Dutch Jews, and he seemed determined to signalize himself by ending the proscription of the Israelites. His comprehensive

mind enabled him to perceive all the advantages of their formal readmission into England. The liberality of his disposition, and his avowed attachment to the cause of toleration, urged him to repair the injustice of past ages. As a man, he held that no human being should be proscribed for the accident of his birth. As a Christian, he looked upon the Jews as his elder brethren, who could only be won over to Christianity, if at all, by kind treatment and impartial justice. As a statesman, he was aware how useful the Jews might be made to England, on account of their commercial habits and extended correspondence throughout the globe; for in those days the Jews were looked upon as a means of acquiring valuable information.

The champion of the Jews in this instance was the celebrated Menasseh ben Joseph ben Israel. He had been born in Portugal about the year 1604, and had succeeded with difficulty in escaping, in his early days, from the fangs of the Inquisition, in company with his father. Menasseh displayed great zeal and talent in his studies. At eighteen he was elected preacher and expounder of the Talmud in the synagogue of Amsterdam; at twenty-eight he had already published in Spanish the first part of the "*Conciliador*," of which a Latin version was issued in the following year by Dionysius Vossius. When Menasseh ben Israel was entrusted with this mission, he had already brought to light about sixty works in English, Hebrew, and Spanish. He was learned in the Jewish law, and had, moreover, acquired the art of medicine. He was more abundantly endowed with wisdom than with worldly wealth, as the Holy Office, in revenge for not being able to broil him at a stake, had stripped his family of all their property. He arrived in England in October 1655; he immediately set to writing a tract, entitled "A Humble Address to the Lord Protector in Behalf of the Jewish Nation," and shortly afterwards he composed his "*Vindicia Judæorum*." He wielded the pen right well, and he endeavored to influence public opinion, so far as the voice of the people had any weight in those days, in favor of his co-religionists.

In his "Hope of Israel," Menasseh says of himself "that he had been moved by the great things the Parliament had achieved five years before, and the unusual attempt in which they were engaged; he had conceived that a fitter

time could not be found for the experiment of restoring his countrymen to the privileges of men in the island. In execution of the project he had at that time applied from Amsterdam to the Long Parliament, for a passport, which he had obtained. He was, however, prevented from making use of their indulgence. He then addressed the second or Barebones Parliament, and obtained the same favor, but was still detained on the Continent. Finding, however, that his coming over would not be unwelcome to Cromwell, he set out for London." It would seem from this, that a Jew required a special permission to enter England as a recognized Jew. Cromwell received the representative of Judaism with distinction, and appointed a conference of learned lawyers, sagacious citizens, and erudite preachers of the gospel, to meet at Whitehall to consider the proposals of the eminent Hebrew. Chief Justice Glyn, Chief Baron Steele, and subsequently Chief Justice St. John were there to expound the law; whilst Lord Mayor Dethick, two aldermen, and the two sheriffs, expressed the views of London citizens. Finally, a number of divines, among whom were to be seen Good, Wise, Owen, Nye, Cudworth, Peters, and Bulkeley, the provost of Eton, upheld the authority of Christianity, and were its spokesmen. All this wit and wisdom, all these distinguished men, with the addition of Cromwell himself and his Council, assembled four times to discuss whether a few Dutch merchants, of Spanish or Portuguese descent and of Jewish race, were to be allowed to establish counting-houses and warehouses in Great Britain. The demands of the children of Israel were moderate and unpretending. They humbly prayed that they might be admitted into the Commonwealth as the natives themselves, with permission to worship the God of their forefathers without disguise. They asked that they might erect a synagogue and inter their dead in their own cemetery; that they might deal in all sorts of merchandise; that they might institute a tribunal, consisting of the head of the nation, supported by two almoners, to determine all differences between their own people according to the law of Moses, with power to appeal to the law of the land; that any laws existing against the Jews might be revoked; that generals of armies should be ordered to protect them, and should even be sworn to do so; and finally, that the Lord Protector should

select some person of quality to receive the passports of the Jews arriving, who, in their turn, would take an oath to maintain fealty to his Highness in the land of their adoption.

Cromwell warmly advocated the cause of the Israelites, and spoke eloquently in their favor. The judges declared that there was no law which forbade the Jews' return into this country. The citizens were divided in their opinion, but the majority of the ministers were strongly opposed to the requests of the Jews, and they produced text after text in support of their views with unremitting assiduity. The divines alleged that the Hebrews should be converted before their admission; whilst Cromwell naturally observed that their conversion would be much facilitated by their being received into a land where the gospel could be preached to them. At one period of the conference, indeed, it seems that it had been decided to grant the petition of the Jews; but a strong feeling manifested itself against the concession both in the conference itself and among public writers, and the decision to formally admit the Jews was laid aside. In the end, on December 18, 1655, the conference came to a termination without arriving at any final resolution. It is, however, asserted by Thomas Violet in his petition against the Jews and by Bishop Burnet that Cromwell and his Council, after hearing the debates, had given dispensation to a number of Jews to come and live in London and build a synagogue. Burnet even alleges that Cromwell had brought over "a company of them" (Jews). If such permission was really granted to Jews, it could certainly not have been to Menasseh ben Israel or his friends. The learned Hebrew's heart sickened with deferred hope, as will be seen from the following lines written on April 1, 1656: "What shall be the issue of this, the most high God knoweth; Rabbi ben Israel still remains in London, desiring a favorable answer to his proposals, and not receiving it he hath desired that if they be not granted he may have a favorable dismission and return home." Nine days later, the accomplished rabbi himself, in his "*Vindicie Judaorum*," thus gave forth the lamentations of his soul: "As yet we have had no final determination from his Serene Highness. Wherefore, those few Jews that were here, despairing of our expected success, departed hence, and others who desired to come hither have

quitted their hopes and betaken themselves some to Italy, some to Geneva." Menasseh himself soon afterwards departed, wearied of waiting for a reply that came not, and he returned to Holland a sadder and a disappointed man.

It is difficult to reconcile the statements published by Thomas Violet and Bishop Burnet with the known results of the proceedings undertaken by Menasseh ben Israel. Other Jews came to England at about the same period, and it is possible that after the rabbi had abandoned all hope of success and gone back to Holland, some co religionists of his may have received tacit leave to remain. No public document or record has been found to vouch for this fact, and such opinion can only be a surmise. A story has been circulated to the effect that a party of Jews visited England contemporaneously to Menasseh ben Israel, headed by a "most learned rabbi" who was not named. Their ostensible object was to establish a company to trade with the Levant; their real object to trace a pedigree of the Protector, and to endeavor by his descent to prove him a Messiah. These Israelites are said to have offered a bid for the library of the University of Cambridge, and afterwards to have made search at Huntingdon to verify Cromwell's pedigree, until their proceedings becoming rather troublesome they were requested to leave these shores. It need scarcely be said that this event is purely apocryphal. It is merely an absurd fable. What is a fact, however, is that another petition was presented by an Israelite named Emmanuel Martinez Dormido for permission to dwell in these islands, and on the back of the paper was appended the following memorandum: "His Highness is pleased in an especial manner to recommend these papers to the special consideration of the Council. Friday, November 3, 1654. J. Sadler." This proves at the same time that there were other Jews in London at that period acting independently of Menasseh ben Israel, and further testifies to the good will of the Protector towards the children of Israel. The Jewish race had a manifest longing to establish themselves in England, which is not surprising considering their condition in the various Continental states. The unhappy Jews were in great straits in Poland, Prussia, and Lithuania, and had suffered cruelly at the hands of the Swedes, Cossacks, and others, who had robbed them, maltreated them, and driven them away from

their homes. In Jerusalem they were perishing of famine and fever. In Spain, France, and Portugal, the descendants of the patriarchs were exposed to constant violence and persecution; they were constrained to wear disgraceful badges, and often to feign Catholicism to save their lives. In the Netherlands alone they enjoyed comparative immunity, but the country was small and its resources limited. The Jews from all parts of Europe turned their eyes towards our own land, where they hoped to enjoy full freedom of conscience, and where they would possess ample opportunity to utilize their talent for business and find a vast field for their spirit of enterprise.

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From The Spectator.  
THE VICTORY OF CHILI.

THE contest for supremacy which has been waged for the past eighteen months between the republics of Chili and Peru — Bolivia having been little but the cat's-paw of the latter State, as well as the probable "compensation" for both rivals — has terminated, according to all rational probabilities, in the decisive victory of the Chilians, and though prophesying after the result is easy, any other issue of the struggle would have been in contradiction to all sound expectation and intelligent calculation. A higher public probity, a higher condition of popular culture and civilization, more advanced preparations, and a juster cause, have succeeded in the Chilian success; and it was as unlikely that the contrary should have happened, as it was unlikely that France should defeat Germany in the great war of 1870-71. The conflict began last year in a flagrant act of unfairness on the part of the Bolivian government. Since the year 1838, the borderland between Chili and Bolivia between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth degrees of south latitude, comprising the valuable nitre and guano deposits of the desolate Atacaman region, had been claimed both by Bolivians and Chilians, and, after long wrangling, the dispute had been only lately closed by a mutual agreement, under which the revenues of the territory were divided between the claimants, and all Chilian capital invested in undertakings in the Atacaman district was to be free from taxation for twenty-five years. On these terms, the sovereignty of the

country remained with Bolivia. Pressed by public penury, the just reward of public maladministration, and encouraged by the private assurances of Peru, the Bolivian government last year contrived to find time between two revolutions to violate the agreement with Chili, to declare the natural wealth of Atacama State property, and to levy indiscriminate taxation upon all exports from the region. Chili quickly discovered that a secret alliance for offensive and defensive ends had bound Bolivia and Peru together ever since the year 1872, and there was no option, accordingly, before the southern republic but to declare war without delay against the two confederates. At the same time, in preparation for the mortal struggle which every Chilian felt to be before his country, the Chilian government hastened to secure its rear from an attack by the Argentine Republic — on which it was known the northern enemy counted — by ceding to that jealous neighbor all claims and titles to the possession of the immense solitudes of Patagonia. Gratiified by the splendid, though barren, concession, the cabinet of Buenos Ayres consented to watch without intervention the gradual progress of the Chilian forces against the failing resistance of the confederates, and the solid establishment of Chilian power will now probably discourage any tardy regrets which may be felt at Buenos Ayres at letting slip a critical opportunity.

It was widely fancied at the outbreak of the war among the imperfectly informed class of political seers, that the million square miles and five million inhabitants of Peru and Bolivia must outmatch the hundred and fifty thousand square miles and two and a half million inhabitants of solitary Chili. In reality, all the odds were from the outset on the side of the Chilians, and though the astonishing exploits of the "Huascar" in the first months of the war contrived to delay, they could not change the foregone conclusion. If Chili was small, her centres of population were less far apart; while the intelligence of her population, the state of her preparations, and the credit of her government were vastly superior. Her citizens realized the full intensity of their danger. In the iron courage of those born soldiers, her Araucanian subjects, she possessed military reserves of the first order. Her fleet was far stronger than the Peruvian, and while she thus possessed the power of transporting her expeditions to every

vulnerable point of the enemy's coast, the deserts which intervened between her territory and the allies, the barren wastes of the Atacaman district itself, made it practically impossible for the outnumbering host of half-armed, half-trained Peruvians and Bolivians to effect an entrance into the country. In the absence of means of communication, the enormous distances to be traversed in every direction by the mustering levies of the confederate republics, rendered the concentration of large forces at any special points a work of the most arduous and tedious kind, exposing them continually to be beaten in detail; and, as a fact, from the moment that the dreaded "Huascar" surrendered, after a heroic contest, to the immense superiority of the "Almirante Cochrane" and "Blanco Encalada," the Peruvians and Bolivians were outmanœuvred, outmarched, outflanked, and outwitted, in gross and in detail, by the compact armies which descended under the protection of the Chilean navy at every strategic point along the coast.

It is to be hoped that the career of the "Huascar," both before and since her capture by her present masters, has been followed with an attentive eye by a trained observer of naval tactics. Worthy to break the Franco-Spanish line at Trafalgar, the daring monitor for some months defied all calculation, paralyzed the naval power of Chili, bombarded fortified seaports, captured troop-ships and store-ships, and drove the panic-struck population of the Chilean capital into overt riot against a government under which so many mishaps were possible. Within a week from her surrender, however, the tide turned, and from the 2nd of November last, which saw Pisagua fall into the power of the Chilean cavalry disembarked on the coast, the current of Chilean victory has advanced without a sensible interruption; and the capitulation of Iquique, the rout of the allies at Tarapaca, the blockade and subsequent storming of Arica and Tacna, the blockade and bombardment of Callao, were the rapidly successive stages which have conducted the Chilean armies under the walls of Lima.

It was in vain that the Peruvians and Bolivians tried the favorite resource of distracted democracies in a difficulty, and sought a change of fortune in a change of rulers. It has been in vain that Señor Pierola has assumed the dictatorship of a government of national defence, and performs in the character of a South Ameri-

can Gambetta, issuing frenzied proclamations of resistance to the death and popular levies in mass. It is equally in vain that the remaining fleet, and the rude, half-armed battalions of Indians and half-breeds, have shown at Callao and in the trenches of Arica an unshrinking valor and half-savage, half-heroic desperation which as mere courage could not be excelled. "Boys, you may think that war is all glory," said the veteran General Sherman to a throng of cheering cadets, some months ago; "I tell you it is all hell; but when it comes we must do our duty," and the scene at the storming of the great fort at Arica by the Chilean Division Navales, when neither side took or gave quarter, was an awful example of the worst horrors of war. So far as can be ascertained, no difference of race can explain the steady victory of the Chilean troops. It is true that the Peruvians and Bolivians are, in the great majority, half-breeds of various kinds, — "cholos," or mixed Indian and Spanish, "mulattoes," sprung from Spanish masters and negro slaves, and "zambos," the cross of Indian and negro. But only the first families of Chili are of unmixed blood. An ex-officer of the German Guard Corps, writing from the scene to the *Militär Wochenblatt* of Berlin, bears his testimony to the fact that the Araucanian infantry, as well as cavalry, constitute the flower of the Chilean forces, and he expatiates with a professional soldier's admiration upon the iron physique and dauntless endurance of these tribesmen of the bygone heroes of the Pampas, Lautaro and Caupolican, who scattered the squadrons of the stoutest Spanish *conquistadors* in the brave days of old. Perhaps we should not be wrong in tracing some of the Chilean success to the superior qualities which town-bred troops are so apt — a popular delusion to the contrary effect notwithstanding — to display, in comparison with peasant soldiers. Certainly nothing has been more conspicuous in this war than the splendid bearing of the Chilean battalions "Navales," composed of the dock laborers and quay porters of Valparaiso, officered by city clerks and merchants' sons, and the regular "regiment of Valparaiso," consisting of the mobilized municipal guard of that city. The excellence of the Chilean equipment has also to be taken into consideration, the infantry being armed with the efficient Comblain breech-loader, the cavalry with Remington car-



bines, and the artillery with Krupp cannon. At Tacna the Chilians brought forty pieces of artillery into the field, while the allies had not half the number of far inferior guns.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### QUININE PRODUCTION IN INDIA.

It is familiar to persons interested in Indian progress that the experiments begun ten or twelve years ago for naturalizing in certain parts of India the best varieties of the cinchona or Peruvian-bark tree have been attended with the most remarkable success, and with beneficial effects still more remarkable. In the treatment of the fevers and other forms of disease endemic in India the employment of quinine has always been a chief means of cure and of prevention. But the increasing demand had raised the cost of the imported drug to a point which rendered its use impossible to millions and tens of millions of the poorer classes of India. Hence it occurred to a few of the more enterprising spirits in the Indian government that vigorous efforts should be made to acclimatize the cinchona tree itself in certain districts of India and in Ceylon. The experiments have been entirely successful, and there are now in various stages of growth probably millions of cinchona plants already yielding the Peruvian bark so plentifully and so perfectly that the price of quinine has fallen in Ceylon and other parts to about two rupees (3s. 6d.) the ounce, and to fifty cents the ounce for preparations of a diluted strength; and there is the strongest probability, we may almost say certainty, that in six or seven years the Indian production of quinine will be so large and the price so low that it will become a considerable article of export; bearing in mind that every fall in price means extending use in India in the cure and prevention of fever and disease, and therefore the cure and prevention of want and suffering among the poorest class of the native population.

Speculations are now arising concerning the probable destination of the exports of quinine from India, which are now, so to say, "in sight;" and there is good reason for assuming that among the largest and most constant customers for cheap

quinine from India would be China. The opium consumed in China is in by far the largest degree taken as medicine by the millions of cultivators who inhabit the low, swampy tracts of country which border the great rivers, and are devoted principally to the growth of rice. From these large tracts of country fever and the diseases for which quinine is the specific remedy are never absent; on the contrary, they are the constant and dreaded scourge with which human life has there to contend, and opium is employed as the medicine easiest to be had and as the cheapest. But if quinine could come into competition with opium, and by dint of a lower price obtain the preference, there is every reason to believe that the immense superiority of quinine over opium as a means of preventing and curing disease would in a short time produce a revolution in the Chinese consumption of the two drugs; and that the imports of opium from India would be replaced by the imports of quinine from India, and by this happy and simple process a solution would be found for the dangers and uncertainties of the large opium revenue of India, and still more for the perplexing moral questions which cannot be separated from the large and direct share of the Indian and therefore of the English government in the maintenance of the opium traffic with China.

It is upon the triumphs of English science over Indian difficulties, of which the forests of cinchona trees now rapidly rising in India and Ceylon are a late example, that our solid hopes for the future safety and progress of India can alone rest. Cheap conveyance by railways and steamboats has enabled the ryots around Delhi to send wheat and other grain with success even to Mark-lane, and hence has given a new impetus to agricultural life in the regions of upper India. Facilities of the same kind, aided by science applied to details of cultivation, have during the last ten or fifteen years added largely to the list of commodities which India can now export at a profit; and if it should become before long a hard fact of trade that India can substitute quinine for opium in its trade with China, and make more money out of the wholesome than out of the noxious drug, another illustrious example will have been given that in these modern days science is the mighty and beneficent king.